

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 54.—VOL. III. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

[PRICE 4d., Stamped 5d.]

## ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—WARWICK, 1859.

### PROGRAMME.

**TUESDAY, JULY 12: WEDNESDAY, 13.**—The Implement Yard open from Ten o'clock in the morning till Six o'clock in the evening, on Tuesday; and from Seven o'clock in the morning till Six o'clock in the evening, on Wednesday; at an admission-charge of 2s. 6d. for each person. Machinery will be shown by the Exhibitors, at work, on each of these days.

**WEDNESDAY, 13.**—The Judges to inspect the Live Stock, and to award the Prizes. Public trials of the Steam Cultivators, on land in the neighbourhood of the City, during such hours as the Stewards may determine.

At One o'clock (or as soon after as all the Judges shall have delivered in their awards, of which notice will be given) the public will be admitted into the Cattle yard on the payment of 5s. each person, at the special entrances.

**THURSDAY, 14.**—The General Show-yard of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Pigs, and Implements open to the public from Six o'clock in the morning till Six in the evening; admission 2s. 6d. each person.

**FRIDAY, 15.**—The General Show yard open to the public from Six o'clock in the morning till Six in the evening; admission 1s. each person.

General Meeting of the Members, at the Shire Hall, at Ten o'clock in the forenoon. By Order of the Council.

**B. T. BRANDETH GIBBS,**  
Hon. Acting Secretary, pro tem.  
London, June 1st, 1859.

By the Regulations of the Society—

All persons admitted into the Show-yard, or other places in the temporary occupation of the Society during the Meeting, shall be subject to the Rules, Orders, and Regulations of the Council.

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**EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS.**—Incorporated by Royal Charter.—The Thirty-sixth Annual Exhibition of this Society is NOW OPEN from 9 A.M. until dusk. Admission 1s.  
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. T. ROBERTS, Secretary.

**CRYSTAL PALACE ART UNION.**—The SUBSCRIPTION LISTS for this year will be CLOSED on THURSDAY, 21st JULY. The drawing for the prizes will take place at the Crystal Palace on the following Thursday, viz., the 28th July, commencing at 2 o'clock, when the report of the Council and a statement of accounts will be submitted to the subscribers, who will have free admittance to the Palace and grounds on that day upon presenting their subscription receipts for the year.

Subscribers are earnestly requested to make their selection of the Presentation Works immediately.

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**ST. MARTIN'S HALL.**—A GRAND CONCERT OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, WEDNESDAY NEXT, JULY 13, at 8, under the Direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH. Principal Artists—Miss Bunke, Miss F. Rowland, Miss Martin, Miss Bradshaw, Miss Palmer, Mr. W. Cooper, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Santley, Pianoforte, Miss F. Howell; Violin, Mr. Carroux; Violoncello, Mr. G. Collins; Organ, Mr. Hopkins. Tickets, 1s.; 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

On TUESDAY NEXT, JULY 12, will be performed Bellini's Opera, I PURITANI. Elvira, Mdlle. Penco; Henrietta, Mdlle. Tagliabue; Giorgio, Sig. Ronconi; Bruno, Sig. Rossi; Valtor, Sig. Polonini; Riccardo, Sig. Graciani; and Arturo, Sig. Gondani. Conductor, Mr. Costa. To conclude with a Divertissement, in which Mdlle. Zina, Mesdames. Moncelle, Esper, and Delechain, will appear.

On WEDNESDAY NEXT, JULY 13, GRAND CONCERT (the last but one) AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, by the Artists' Orchestra, and Chorus, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. EXTRA NIGHT.—Last night of Don Giovanni.—On THURSDAY NEXT, JULY 14, will be performed (for the last time this season) Mozart's Opera DON GIOVANNI, with the following powerful cast:—Donna Anna, Mdlle. Grisi; Zerlina, Mdlle. Penco; Elvira, Mdlle. Marmi; Don Giovanni, Sig. Mario, Leporello, Sig. Ronconi; Masetto, Sig. Polonini; Il Commendatore, Sig. Tagliabue, and Don Ottavio, Sig. Tamberlik. The Minuet by Mdlle. Zina and M. Desplaces.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight. Second Tier Boxes to hold Four Persons, 2s. 12s. 6d.; Pit Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

**MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA.**—Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.—Meyerbeer's New Opera, entitled DINORAH; or, LE PARDON DE FLOREMBEL, is in active rehearsal, and will be produced in the course of a few days.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

## REVIEWS.

*The Life of General Havelock, K.C.B.* By the Hon. J. T. Headley. (Sampson Low.)

THERE are three ways in which respect is shown to a great man's memory—by erecting a vile monument, writing a dull book, or subscribing an inadequate sum of money for his family. The public character who escapes all three modes of glorification may be held as singularly fortunate. The most usual of these forms of respect is the biographical. A man's life is written, not because there is anything particular to say, but because it is expected that there should be something to say, and the public would feel hurt and annoyed if a romance was not made out of the most ordinary incidents of a career which had chanced to have an extraordinary social bearing. Unless, then, the manner of such a biography be so dead a failure that nothing could float it up, the subject would of itself be sure to command a success, even with a modest amount of twaddle as the dead weight to pull against. Mr. Headley took advantage of these circumstances and feelings when he wrote his "*Life of Havelock*;" a book made, not because the life itself was a notable lesson for the human race to read, but because the man was celebrated, and celebrated men must have their panegyrists and chroniclers. Had there been less evident determination to idealise the General, to make him out as faultless as he was brave, as impeccable as heroic, we should have been more inclined to receive the work for what it assumes to be. But romances labelled *Lives*, *Memoirs*, *Biographies*, and the rest, have forfeited all claim to indulgence from either side. Too idealistic for truth, too prosy for fiction, they belong to that terrible debatable ground where all the dwellers are mutual enemies, and where no man gives or receives quarter. Viewed in this light, Mr. Headley's "*Life of Havelock*" must be ground to powder, let what stone soever be lifted against it.

Yet the man himself was so true and great, the times in which he lived so full of national importance, and the events which he directed so stirring and appalling, that it was not surely needed to throw any false show of greatness about him. An earnest, single-hearted, strong-willed, and heroic man, he needed no such wordy glitter as "eagle eye"—which comes in so often that one involuntarily adds the beak and claws; as "ringing voice," which is for ever being "heard above the tumult of battle, the war of cannon, and the clangour of trumpets;" as "dauntless bearing," which is made to seem a painfully theatrical strut, when the man himself was the least self-conscious actor that ever lived—with all the rest of the verbal gergaws which young lady novelists hang round their central figure as the Athenian girls used to hang garlands round their favourite gods. It seems something like desecration to Havelock's manly nature that he should be written of in the terms which the *Rosa Matildas* of literature apply to their impossible heroes, and his intensely real character be obscured and weakened by a manner of description which carries such different associations with it. Nothing is more dangerous than to idealise a real character. It is like blurring a clean outline with a shading stump.

Not much can be told of the future hero's young life. His family dates back for only two generations, though attempts have been made to relegate him to some illustrious Danish race; yet Havelock, like so many of our best men, owed little to fortune and less to family, but was himself the founder of his own fame, and the starting-point whence all the future generations will be proud to date. His mother was a careful, pious woman, who early instructed him in the religious principles which he held so notoriously before the world in after days; but we scarcely think with Mr. Headley, that he owed the full fruition of those principles to her lessons, given in the first six years of his life. A boy who begins his school career at six, who loses his mother early, and at nineteen enters on his independent profession, cannot be said to owe the mental condition of his manhood to the nursery teaching of, at most, three years of infancy. But biographers think they must always give the primary cause of every result, and the memoir which should not dig down to first principles would be worth nothing to the mass of readers. As a schoolboy, young Havelock was chiefly remarkable for taciturnity and coolness; courage always superadded. He was called *Old Philo* in consequence; and during the time of the Indian mutiny, when his doings were of such intense national interest and almost world-wide importance, the schoolmates, who had perhaps half forgotten him, raked up all the early anecdotes that hung round his schoolboy memory, and letters poured into the newspapers daily, telling how the young Charterhouse boy was even then "*Old Philo*" to his lighter-hearted companions, and how the stern Baptist soldier was also, as a mere lad, the outspoken professor of extreme religious views. Only two anecdotes of those schooldays are given by Mr. Headley. We present them to our readers as we find them:

"Naturally adventurous and daring, he excelled his schoolmates in those feats requiring courage and steadiness of nerve. The tree-top must be high and the limbs slender where he would not venture after a bird's nest. One day he lost his hold and fell to the ground. His father, who saw the accident, asked him as he got up if he did not feel frightened when he found himself falling. His reply was characteristic not only of the boy but of the after man. 'No,' said he, 'I had too much else to do to be frightened. I was thinking about the bird's eggs.'"

"On another occasion, having been drawn into a quarrel by interfering for a schoolfellow who was not receiving fair play in a fight, he got a black eye. His teacher observing it, asked what had caused it. 'It came there,' was young Havelock's laconic reply. 'But how did it come?' rejoined the teacher. To this inquiry the boy, determined not to implicate others, gave no answer. Neither commands nor threats nor a sound flogging, which he received for what his master regarded obstinacy, could wring another word out of him. He was not quarrelsome or noisy—on the contrary, quiet and somewhat taciturn; but he feared no one. The cool, unperturbed way he took everything, and the philosophic firmness with which he met danger and bore pain, gained for him among his schoolmates the sobriquet of '*Old Philo*,' a nickname for philosopher. Many boys are cool in danger and patient under suffering; but Havelock must have been peculiarly so to have obtained this epithet. It is rare that the characteristics and qualities of one so young remain exactly the same in manhood, as they did in young Havelock. In fact, at nine years of age, he was the man of fifty-seven seen through an inverted telescope. So eager was he at this early age to improve every spare moment,

that when disturbed at his reading in the library he would fly to the woods and climb into a tree-top where he could study unmolested. At nine years of age, he was removed to the Charterhouse and placed under the charge of Rev. Dr. Raine. Among his friends and schoolmates were some who afterwards rose to high distinction. After he had been here six years we find him on the fifth form, with Walpole, grandson of Sir Robert, Hare, and John Pindar. There were some thirty boys on this form, among whom Walpole stood first on the list, and Havelock fourth."

Young Havelock was destined for the bar. He became a pupil of Chitty, with Talfourd for a fellow clerk. But the law did not suit the mind already panting for military glory, and further excited by the military successes of his brother in Spain. Conveyancing and special pleading were flung up; and without much difficulty he procured an appointment as second lieutenant in a rifle brigade—entering the army, though, just as Napoleon's second overthrow brought peace and inaction to Europe. Finally, young Havelock exchanged into an Indian regiment, and soon had bloody work enough cut out for him. The Burmese war broke out, and his regiment, the 13th, "covered itself with glory." In this campaign he formed his life-long friendship with Sale, and by his preachings and prayer meetings procured for his regiment the title of Saints, which, however, meant nothing sickly or effeminate. Havelock's Saints were of the Iron-side order, men of firm sinews and fanatic faith, strict in prayer and stern in fight; and fighting none the less because they prayed, for all that they were Christians, and believed in the Gospel of mercy, peace, and love. One great secret of their well-doing was to be found in the fact that they were never drunk; and "*Havelock's Saints*" could always be relied on in an emergency. His religious principles and practices told somewhat against his own promotion, especially in the first days of his career; but he finally conquered all opposition, and took the place for which Nature had fitted him when she moulded him in the form of a stern and prayerful warrior. The first time that he was made to feel how inimical his brother officers were to the public profession of his extreme views was on the occasion of his nomination as adjutant to his regiment. Lord Bentinck, then Governor-General, was sore beset by warning, expostulatory, and almost accusatory letters, all tending against Havelock's promotion; but, as strict investigation only brought forth the fact that Havelock's Saints were men of reliability and worth, the appointment was confirmed, with a few words of special compliment and commendation into the bargain. The regiment did not suffer by the decision, for Havelock was as strict in drill as he was in theology, and made his men as smart and perfect soldiers as he sought to make them faithful and unwavering Christians. In the Afghan war we find him active and energetic as usual, with clear perceptions of the best modes of warfare, and a discipline as severe as it was healthful. Again, we find him eloquent against drink, instancing the storming of Ghuznee, which was, we believe, one of the least atrocious of such events, for the men found no liquor amongst the plunder, consequently they were not driven to excesses by the madness of intoxication. The large harem of the Ameer was spared, and the women protected and placed in safety; but when Cabool was entered, "in that city where intemperance had been punished be

law, by Dost Mohammed, whom they had just driven from his throne, scores of drunken Christians, as they professed themselves to be, were seen staggering along the streets." Mr. Headley gives a curious incident of Havelock's superstition: we should scarcely have looked for a man of his intelligence and calibre seriously taking to heart the chance words of a Bible Sortes. After the passes to Jellalabad had been cleared, and while the army in Cabool was given up to all sorts of immorality and dissipation, Sale sent Havelock back to Elphinstone with despatches. It was on his return that the incident recorded by Mr. Headley took place:

"Having delivered them, he repaired to his tent in the mulberry grove, and began to reflect on his own position and that of the army. The absence of Sale's brigade at a time when the whole heavens were gathering blackness above Cabool, and vague rumours, more fearful from their mystery, were whispered from mouth to mouth, seemed ominous. In view of this state of things, he began to question seriously whether it was not his duty to offer his services again to Sale. Uncertain what course to adopt, he took up his Bible that lay on the table, and opened it casually at the 39th chapter of Jeremiah, 16th and 19th verses, and read with profound emotions what seemed to him at the time the language of God directed to him. 'Go and speak to Ebed-melech, the Ethiopian, saying, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel: Behold, I will bring my words upon this city for evil and not for good, and they shall be accomplished in that day before thee. But I will deliver thee in that day, saith the Lord, and thou shalt not be given into the hands of the men of whom thou art afraid. For I will surely deliver thee, and thou shalt not fall by the sword, but thy life shall be for a prey unto thee, because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord.' By the time Havelock had finished reading these verses, his decision was taken—he resolved to leave the doomed city, and obtaining permission to join Sale, hastened at once to his camp. Soon after, the whole brigade moved on to Tezen, where it remained ten days, while Macgregor endeavoured to patch up a peace with the chiefs."

He thus escaped all participation in the events which led to the murder of Mac-Naghten, and the subsequent destruction of the whole army in the awful Khoord Cabool and Jugdulluck Passes. Of all that army of sixty thousand men who had gone out to violate solemn treaties, invade a peaceful territory, and slaughter unoffending people, for no higher motive than the lust of power, Dr. Brydon was the only man saved alive to carry back the news to the rest. It was a fearful judgment for national wrongs; but though the blow struck the innocent and the guilty alike, it was not an unrighteous judgment.

Havelock distinguished himself in many of the great battles following that slaughter. He was against the Mahrattas at Maharajpore; against the Sikhs in the campaign of the Sutlej; at Moodkee where Sale was killed, and at Ferozepore, Aliwal, and Sobraon. At Poonah he was only on parade, thus:

"The parade-ground at this place was a broad, open, and beautiful plain; and twice a week during the monsoon, the Commander-in-chief, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, son of William IV., held a review upon it of the *corps d'armée*. A few hours before sunset, he rode on the field, attended by a brilliant staff, and escorted by a squadron of cavalry. The vast plain on these occasions became the theatre of a magnificent display. The regularity and precision with which all the evolutions were performed could not but excite the admiration of the soldier, while to the unpractised eye, the field, alive with the marching

columns, now seemingly involved in confusion, and now unrolling gracefully into line to receive the Commander-in-chief, presented a most picturesque appearance. The great variety of colours, that broke with their bright contrasts the long, even array, gave a still more animated aspect to the scene. The grey dress of the lancers was relieved by the crimson overalls of the hussars—the tartan of the Highlander blent in with the bright scarlet of the sappers and the blue and gold of the horse artillery—the green of the native rifles was set off by the white jackets of the Europeans, while over all fell the mellow light of an Indian sunset.

"At a given signal, the Commander-in-chief and his escort put spurs to their horses. As the brilliant cortège sweeps down the glittering lines, there is one rider at the right of the Commander-in-chief, in undress staff uniform, that none but a keen observer would at all notice. He is a small spare man, only five feet six or seven inches in height, distinguished from the showy group by the extreme plainness of his dress and somewhat ungracefulness as a horseman. His countenance is grave and cold and stern, and he looks with apparent apathy on the gay pageant before him. But on closer observation, there is something in the eagle eye that arrests the attention and awakens interest. It is not fierce and fiery, but clear as light, and strangely intense in its expression. Although nothing escapes its glance, it seems looking beyond the present, as if the owner was pondering on something far away. Insignificant as he at first sight seems to be, that plain slight figure is eagerly watched by every officer, for one and all are accustomed to his severity of drill, and know that the smallest error will be detected and remembered. Some with whom he has often prayed smile as he passes—some inwardly curse him for his Roman integrity, and others dread him for the rigour of his discipline; but the commander by whose side he is riding, martinet though he is, knows his worth, and defers to his opinion more than to that of all the other officers who surround him. That man is Havelock, and notwithstanding his quiet unostentatious appearance, he is silently, by his superior knowledge and judgment, exerting a wider influence than any one in England dreams of."

We next find him under the terrible excitement of the Indian mutiny, where he became the hero, the saviour, and the glory of the country. The events of that time are too recent to need recapitulation here, though they will never grow stale or uninteresting to English ears. The battle of Cawnpore, the relief of Lucknow, the taking of Delhi, with the smaller engagements that were even more hard to hand than these, and full of the most antique heroisms, will remain as eternal monuments in the history of man. And in all in which Havelock bore part, he acquitted himself, as we all know, with such dauntlessness, such constancy, daring, and intelligence, as belong only to the greatest men to show. At last he saw his great wish and early prayer accomplished: he commanded in a general action, and won it—winning more than a mere battle against an enemy, and saving more than the professional honour of his army. Outram's conduct to him proves the esteem in which he was held. Appointed commander of the division, he waived his rank, and served Havelock as a volunteer. His order is one of the noblest things on record:

"The important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow has been intrusted to Major-General Havelock, C.B.; and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock

and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought, will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished.

"The major-general therefore, in gratitude for and admiration of the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as chief commissioner of Oude, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer."

Lucknow was relieved, and the remnant saved, but this last effort cost the life of him who had saved it. The over-strained frame gave way, and Havelock died from sickness and exhaustion, before envy or detraction had withered one leaf of his hard-earned laurels; before, too, he had fully tasted the glory which all his life long he had thirsted to enjoy. For Havelock was ambitious as well as unpitiful; a thorough soldier grafted on to a speculative theologian. Peace be with him! and may his next biographer do his work more simply and less theatrically than Mr. Headley, and exclude all tinsel flowers from the crown of immortelles which he thinks it meet to lay on the brave man's grave. Also, may he make fewer mistakes, and spell his names correctly, and give men their rightful titles.

*The Rudiments of Botany, Structural and Physiological.* By Christopher Dresser. (James S. Virtue.)

We are informed in the title-page to this volume that its author combines in his own person the offices of "Lecturer on Botany, and Master of the botanical drawing classes in the department of Science and Art of the Privy Council for Education." It would seem, therefore, that the students whose instruction comes within the scope of his duties are of two distinct classes; those, namely, who study botany for its own sake, and simply as a science, and those to whom it is taught as a necessary adjunct to their artistic studies, just as instruction in anatomy is given to the students in the Royal Academy. His object, accordingly, in preparing the present work has been to provide a manual which shall be especially adapted to the wants of both these classes of students. In furtherance of this object, he has adopted certain peculiarities of form and arrangement, the nature of which we propose briefly to indicate, and to inquire how far they are calculated to serve the purposes for which they are designed.

In the case of the botanical students proper, Mr. Dresser informs us that this Manual is designed as an elementary or primary work; it is intended for the use of those who are absolutely and entirely void of any botanical knowledge whatever. Mr. Dresser, therefore, begins strictly at the beginning, describing first the various parts of a plant, then the modifications which these parts undergo in various plants, and finally leading the student to the examination of the internal structure, and to the consequent classification of vegetable objects. Thus far Mr. Dresser's system is quite unexceptionable; but, unfortunately, in his desire further to aid the student, he has adopted the singular expedient of writing the work in a series of detached propositions, each of which is numbered, and contains one statement only. The advantages which result from this mode of writing are, in his opinion, twofold: firstly, "reference from one fact to another is made easy, by which the student frequently receives much aid,



and many statements are thus made simple which would not otherwise be easily understood; and secondly, by the aid of the short propositions and a full and complete index, the Manual is enabled to answer the purpose of a glossary. This second advantage, which Mr. Dresser considers of such importance as to deserve a distinct specification in the title-page of his volume, is to a certain extent realised, though not so fully as it would have been by the construction of the book on the pure glossarial model; in which case the information required could have been obtained by a single reference, instead of requiring, as it now does, two, one to the index and one to the body of the book, while the main object of the work—that of serving as a manual of botany—would scarcely have been more completely sacrificed than it has been by the present mode of arrangement. The statement that the student frequently receives much aid from being enabled to refer from one fact to another, is not only a truth, but a truism; but we cannot see in what way this advantage is likely to be especially secured by a book which is made up entirely of abrupt and unconnected sentences. And, indeed, even in the present work, this facility of reference is attained solely by means of the index and of numerical references to foregoing propositions, means which are quite independent of the fragmentary form of the book. The work which we should be inclined to select as an introductory manual to an unknown science, would be one in which the necessary information was conveyed in a clear and connected, and, as far as possible, an interesting manner. Mr. Dresser, however, would seem to be of the contrary opinion. He appears to regard an interesting and connected style as a decided disadvantage, and to aim rather at concealing than exhibiting the mutual relations which exist between different facts; and he has thus produced a work on which it is impossible to pronounce a more favourable verdict than that uttered by the Scotchman who read through Johnson's Dictionary, "it's vara instructive, but a wee bit unconnected." Mr. Dresser himself is not insensible to the inconvenience of confining each proposition to one statement only, at least in those cases in which the original proposition requires some amplification or explanation. In such cases, however, he does not abandon his principle: the original proposition contains one statement, and no more; but he effects a compromise by adding the explanatory statements in the form of notes, which are printed in small type, immediately after the propositions to which they refer. These notes are divided into two classes, which are marked *a* and *b* respectively. "Those marked *a* are merely explanatory of the propositions, and are intended for the student's special benefit when first reading the book; the *b* notes, on the contrary, are not intended for the student when reading the work the first time, but are such as will, it is hoped, be valuable to him after he has mastered the propositions." The general result of this arrangement is to produce a singularly confused and fragmentary effect, which is not diminished by the fact that, in many cases, it is far from easy to perceive any essential difference between the notes which are marked *a* and *b* respectively. The following extract, taken at random, will give a fair example of the general result:

"200. Therefore the stem and root, or the

total axes of the plant, are the result of the growth or evolution of leaf-buds.

"201. As the stem, like the root, is to an extent the result of the growth of the leaf-buds, it may be regarded as an above-ground portion of the root.

"*a*. 1. Nevertheless it has properties totally distinct from the root.

"202. Hence both the stem and the root are, to an extent, resultants.

"*b*. 1. The cellular matter of both the stem and the root does not seem to be a resultant to the same extent as the woody matter.

"203. From the preceding, it is obvious that all stems which are branched are conical.

"*a*. 1. It is also obvious that roots are inverted cones.

"204. It is also apparent that the plant by growth merely repeats or multiplies itself, for not only are all the axes similar, but they play similar parts in producing the stem.

"205. Moreover, the plant may be regarded as an accumulation of individuals, or as a compound individual composed of a series of similar parts.

"206. It may also be regarded as a parent with its progeny."

The reader will judge for himself how far a book, of which the above extract is a very fair sample, is likely to be a serviceable or attractive introduction to a new science. In one respect, indeed, Mr. Dresser is as elementary as can be desired; and that is in his etymologies. He never employs a word derived either from the Greek or Latin without carefully giving its derivation: and it would be difficult to imagine a more elementary student than he for whose use the information "*Oblique* (Lat. *obliquus*, crooked)" is designed.

We cannot do more than allude to the more indirect and symbolical advantages which, as we learn from the preface, are intended to accrue to the botanical student from the plan of Mr. Dresser's manual—how the idea of the growth of a plant is shadowed forth in the gradual growth of the volume; and how it is hoped that, from the rigid classification which is adopted throughout the work, the student will "imbibe a feeling for classification"—for we must proceed to examine the means by which Mr. Dresser endeavours to render his work especially useful to the Art-student. In the first place, all detail relative to internal structure has been avoided; whence "it is hoped that the Art-student will not be so much alarmed at the quantity of minutiae, which he says has no relation to his art, as he usually is." (Mr. Dresser's habit of writing in detached sentences, whatever may be its effect upon botanical students, would seem to have been slightly injurious to his own powers of more connected composition.) In the next place, a special provision is made for "the Art-student who desires simply a knowledge of the parts of plants and their uses," by printing the propositions which convey this description of information in long lines, while those which relate to the forms of organs are printed in shorter lines; the object being to enable the student to omit the latter class of propositions, if he wishes to do so. We confess to some difficulty in comprehending the meaning of this precaution. We do not know what the botanical requirements of an Art-student may be, but we should have thought that a knowledge of vegetable form was to him of paramount necessity. We should have thought that the very distinction here laid down represented with tolerable accuracy the difference between the two classes of students for whose use Mr. Dresser's book is designed, the botanical student requiring especially a knowledge of

the parts of plants and their uses, while the Art-student's attention should be primarily, though not exclusively, directed to their forms; and that the Art-student who desires only knowledge of the former kind, is not, properly speaking, an Art-student at all. Granting this view of the nature and properties of an Art-student to be correct, we presume that it is for his especial benefit that a considerable proportion of the woodcuts with which this volume is profusely illustrated, are designed. Many of the largest of these are borrowed from the "Book of the Thames," Fletcher's "Scripture Natural History," and other recent illustrated works; and represent pleasing little landscapes, abounding in trees. The sources from which they are derived show that they were originally designed merely as picturesque illustrations of scenery; but they are introduced into the present volume on the plea of furnishing the Art-student with instances of the different effects which are produced in landscapes by the prevalence of endogenous or exogenous trees. The small scale, however, on which these woodcuts are executed, completely precludes them, in our opinion at least, from realising this object; and we can regard them simply as pretty little pictures, illustrating nothing, and tending rather to enhance the general effect of the volume as a handsome book than its utility as a manual of botany. The more strictly botanical illustrations, which are very numerous, are mostly the work of Mr. Dresser himself, and are generally useful as well as effective; but since in all cases in which the same woodcut will serve to illustrate more than one passage, he does not refer to, but repeats, the foregoing cut, the number of distinct drawings contained in the volume is considerably less than that indicated in the total amount of figures.

If enthusiasm were the sole qualification required for a teacher of science, Mr. Dresser's rank among his fellow-labourers in this wide field would be no mean one. His enthusiastic admiration appears to be divided between two objects, which are celebrated respectively in the Introduction and Dedication which are prefixed to his book: one is the science of botany,—the other is Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., whom he seems to regard as his "guide, philosopher, and friend." The dedication is composed in a tone of fervid humility, which reminds us of the good old times when an author was, not only conventionally but literally, the humble servant of his patron: and records Mr. Dresser's gratitude for the aid which the Doctor has afforded him "in every pursuit which has for its object the advancement of science, or," he quaintly adds, "my own welfare." In the introduction, Mr. Dresser's enthusiasm rises to such a pitch, that we are tempted to give a brief specimen of the eloquence which it prompts:

"Relative to the study of botany, it may be said that there is no more beautiful pursuit presented by either human or natural science. It is a noble work to meditate upon the formation of vast mountain ranges, and to wrench from the grasp of time the history of their birth; but our study leads us to deal with the fair and gay daughters of the earth, which are arrayed in innocence, beauty, and bloom. It is bold to hunt down the lion; to search out the gorilla (*sic*) from the gibbon forests; and to endeavour to discover the principle of animal life; but our science leads us to deal with a life of a different cast, a life which can be destroyed, yet which knows no pain. . . . What can be more beautiful than to



he led forth on a lovely morn in Spring, by a legitimate pursuit, over hill, and brook, and dale, to dwell in the forest and mead, and form an intimate acquaintance with those beautiful forms which here make their home!"

Add to these inducements that of being "led from Nature up to Nature's God,"—a plea which, though not in itself more novel than those contained in the above extract, is urged by Mr. Dresser in a not less novel and striking manner; and who can refrain from at once devoting himself to that legitimate pursuit which can add beauty to a lovely spring morning? If Mr. Dresser succeeds in enlisting many recruits for the noble army of botanists, his success will probably be owing less to the attractiveness of his manual than to the contagion of his hearty, though oddly expressed, enthusiasm.

*A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa.* (Longman & Co.)

EVER since the unfortunate period when that singularly unpleasant type of womankind, the Unprotected Female, became a recognised institution of our country, we have never been able to take up a lady's account of her mountain wanderings without very considerable misgivings. The possible recurrence of a vision of red trowsers, cigars, and sham slang, is a contingency which not even the boldest can contemplate without shrinking. It is true that the original founder of this school of travellers, with a strict and conscientious truthfulness which is highly to her credit, abstained from giving her book the title of a *lady's* tour; but we have no guarantee that all her disciples will be equally precise and accurate in their choice of language. Fortunately, however, these unfavourable anticipations are not always realised. Our readers need only call up their numerous pleasant recollections of rough mountain scrambles in which Englishwomen have bravely borne their part, or of long rainy days in lonely inns, rendered almost tolerable by their cheery voices and bright smiles, to be convinced that it is possible for a lady to penetrate into the less frequented mountain districts without sacrificing a single womanly grace or charm; and there is no *à priori* reason why ladies, as well as females, should not occasionally relate their travels. It is true that they have, generally, nothing very particular to say, no unknown regions to describe, nor moving accidents to recount; for, except in a few rare instances, they do not attempt to strike out new routes or to undertake very difficult or dangerous expeditions: but their story carries us back very pleasantly to familiar scenes, and, if it be only told quietly and in good taste, cannot fail to be read with interest and attention.

Of this class of ladies' books the volume before us is a very fair average specimen. It contains an account of three visits to Switzerland, made between the years 1850 and 1858, in the course of which the authoress accomplished what is commonly called the Tour of Monte Rosa. This is effected by starting from Saas over the Moro pass, crossing by a succession of minor passes the numerous spurs which run southward from the Monte Rosa chain, and finally returning to the north side of Monte Rosa by the Col de St. Théodule. Our authoress did not actually complete the tour, for, instead of crossing the Théodule, she visited the little known Val de Cogne, south of Aosta, which the neighbourhood of

that remarkable mountain, the Pic de Grivola, is fast raising from its obscurity; but she inserts a very good account of the pass, furnished by an experienced lady-mountaineer, who crossed it in 1858. We may observe, *en passant*, that this pass may be especially recommended to ladies, as being at once by far the most accessible, and by no means the least beautiful, of high glacier passes; and, now that the necessity of proceeding to Chatillon in one day has been obviated by the establishment of an hotel at Breuil, it may be crossed not only without danger but without fatigue. When our authoress made her first visit to Zermatt in 1850, the magnificent scenery at the head of that valley was comparatively unknown; but the whole of the northern side of Monte Rosa is now so thoroughly familiar to all Alpine travellers, and has been so repeatedly and rapturously described, that there is very little room for any further account of it of a merely descriptive nature. The valleys on the south side of Monte Rosa, though frequently explored of late years, are much less known to the general public; and it is the portion of the present volume which relates to this district, that will probably be read with the greatest attention. Some remarkable points of view, as yet but little known, are pointed out as eminently worthy of the notice of the future traveller, among which we may particularise the Monte Mazzuccone, between Omegna and Camasco, and the ridge on the north side of the Val di Bors, at the head of the Val Sesia. We would also wish to endorse in the strongest possible terms the recommendation which is given to all travellers who wish to proceed from the Val Anzasca to the Val Sesia, to go by the Col di Baranca and Varallo, rather than by the more direct route of the Col di Turlo; for the Val Mastalone, down which the former route descends, is one of the most charming valleys in the Pennine Alps.

Of the Pic de Grivola, the very existence of which was almost unknown to the English traveller before the appearance of Mr. King's recent work on the "Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps," our authoress gives us no fresh information; for, owing to unfavourable weather, her expedition to the Col de Grivola was not rewarded even by a sight of the mountain. She adds, however, in an appendix, an account of an attempted ascent of the Pic made last September by the curé of Cogne with one companion. This account, which is extracted from a local newspaper, is by no means a favourable specimen of its class of narrative; and we can gather from it no other reason for the failure of the attempt, than that it was undertaken by men whose experience and physical powers were quite unequal to the task. In another appendix is given an account of the passage of the present Weiss Thor, communicated by the Rev. T. G. Bonney, which, to the best of our recollection, is far from being a satisfactory or accurate description of this celebrated pass. In speaking of this pass, our authoress observes that "it is a much less formidable undertaking than the old Weiss Thor, having been accomplished by at least one lady." We should like to know on what authority she rests this estimate of the comparative difficulty of the two passes. It is, we believe, by no means certain that the exact point at which the old pass crossed the ridge is now accurately known. It has never been passed since 1851, and its abandonment is said to be owing to an accumulation of ice which overhangs its summit, and, according

to the united testimony of the most experienced guides of the district, renders the descent on the Macagnaga side impossible. But, as far as we know, there is no evidence that, in former times, when its passage was still practicable, the old Weiss Thor presented difficulties more formidable than those of the present pass. It is true that the new Weiss Thor has been crossed by a lady, and, we believe, by one only, but this is not a fact from which any inference as to its facility can fairly be deduced; for our authoress does not seem to be aware that the lady referred to is one who holds, irrespective of sex, one of the very highest positions among the ranks of glacier-travellers, and whose list of mountain victories may challenge comparison with those even of the most distinguished members of the Alpine Club.

From this brief sketch of the contents of the volume before us, the reader who is familiar with the Monte Rosa district will at once perceive that it does not record any expeditions which are attended either by danger or difficulty. Though evidently a keen, and even an enthusiastic, admirer of mountain scenery, our lady-traveller is not one of the adventurous few who forget their woman's weakness in their irresistible desire to stand face to face with the stern monarchs of the desolate ice-kingdom. This consideration, however, so far from detracting from the merit of her volume, gives it, on the contrary, a peculiar value, at least to travellers of her own sex, who are not unfrequently apt to suppose that they are necessarily in great measure debarred from the enjoyment of the noblest Alpine scenery, by the difficulty and fatigue which are attendant upon such expeditions. All the excursions of which she gives an account are such as can be accomplished mainly, if not entirely, on horseback: and she is not one of those who have any scruples as to availing themselves of this method of locomotion. She rides whenever she can: and, judging from the care with which she has recorded them, she looks back with no little pride upon her performances on the few occasions when she was obliged to walk. But her happiest hours were evidently those which she spent in the saddle. We should think that an intense attachment to dumb animals must be one of the strongest feelings of this lady's nature: for quite the most striking characteristic of her book is the extraordinary detail in which she dwells upon the doings of the different mules and ponies which from time to time were provided for her use. She obviously considers all their peculiarities and proceedings to be quite as worthy of record as those of her human travelling companions; and, as they have all Christian names, and are invested by her each with a distinct personality, passages not unfrequently occur in which some little consideration is required to determine whether it is a biped or a quadruped of whom she is speaking. It is, we presume, with a view of guarding against the confusion which would otherwise be unavoidable on this point, that she has adopted the precaution of always enclosing the name of the quadruped in inverted commas, as if it were a quotation; while those of the bipeds are free from any such distinguishing mark. Judging from the detail with which the story is told, few events in the whole course of her travels made so deep an impression on her mind as an incident which befell one "Fritz," to whom she incautiously administered a silver knife between two pieces of bread: and she relates

in the liveliest terms her terror at the probable consequences of her rash act, and the strong measures which were adopted to obviate them. We do not wish for a moment to question the thrilling interest of this adventure; but it is not impossible that some readers, less sensible than our authoress of the importance of Swiss ponies as members of society, may think that this and similar incidents are dwelt upon with somewhat unnecessary detail.

The volume is accompanied by a map of the Monte Rosa district, which will not only enable those who are unacquainted with the country to follow the course of the lady's tour with sufficient accuracy, but is, we think, likely to be a useful companion to future travellers over the same ground. There are also a few illustrations in chromolithography taken from drawings by Mr. G. Barnard; and some woodcuts of the slightest possible description. The former are, considering the small scale on which they are executed, at least as good specimens of this description of illustration as we remember to have seen. The frontispiece is, we think, the least satisfactory; and the best are the two views of the Matterhorn, taken respectively from the slopes of the Riffelberg, and from Breuil. An even decently good representation of this mountain, unquestionably the noblest in the whole chain of the Alps, is so rarely to be met with, that any drawing in which its outline is given with tolerable accuracy is, on this account alone, worthy of special notice. There is yet another illustration to which we wish to call attention, simply on account of our inability to assign any satisfactory reason for its insertion. It occurs as a vignette in the titlepage of the volume, and is repeated on the cover; and consists of a representation of an Alpine rose, with the motto "Sub Rosa." We cannot see any special connection, unless it be a mere verbal one, between this figure and the mountain, which is the peculiar subject of this book; and, if the motto means anything at all, it must signify that the authoress has been guilty of an indiscretion, in giving to the public a narrative of what took place under the rose. However, even if our interpretation be the correct one, we cannot find it in our hearts to blame her for the breach of confidence of which she stands convicted: for we owe to it a very pretty and pleasant volume, which cannot fail to be agreeable as a souvenir even to those who do not require its services as a guide.

*The Religious Condition of the Chinese; with Observations on the Prospects of Christian Conversion amongst that People.* By the Rev. Joseph Edkins, B.A., Author of "A Grammar of the Shanghai Dialect and of the Chinese Colloquial Language, commonly called Mandarin," &c. (Routledge.)

THE Chinese are a queer people. Mr. Albert Smith proves this in his popular entertainment day by day, and Mr. Edkins confirms the same notion in his valuable statements respecting their moral and religious condition. Not that the information of these two gentlemen is by any means identical. The latter, for instance, gives a far better account of their religious education than the other pretends to do. The one bases his statements upon the personal examination of ten long and weary years; the other has leapt to a conclusion from a misunderstanding of the information con-

veyed to him by the English bishop, to whom he was introduced on his few days' transit through the most frequented parts of the Celestial Empire. We mention these two gentlemen at the same moment because we very much fear that Mr. Albert Smith's entertainment is much more likely than Mr. Edkins's book to form English opinion respecting a race, which, queer as it is, possesses every capability for moral and religious training. Their astuteness is proverbial; their tact enormous; their cunning indescribable; and as Mr. Edkins clearly shows, these very peculiarities, if rightly directed, would in the course of time make the population take as great a place in the scale of civilisation, as that which they now hold in point of position among the nations of the East. That so great a change as that which Christianity invariably works can be the result of a day, or even of a year, is utterly impossible. The Chinese are as firmly rooted in their false faith as are the Hindoos and the Mahomedans; and neither persuasion on the one hand, nor force on the other, has yet induced them to cast off the habits and customs, much less the superstitions of their forefathers. The attempts which have hitherto been made to Christianise them have singularly failed, inasmuch as they have not been slow to detect the inconsistencies of missionaries of all denominations, from the Jesuit priest down to the Wesleyan Methodist. These, in turn, have been sent to convert them off-hand into double-distilled religionists, rather of party spirit and unseemly intolerance, than of meek and patient discipleship. They have in an instant seen through the purpose of each, and have been confirmed in their errors by witnessing the struggle of sects for the upper hand, whilst the religion which all professed has been openly disgraced. Nevertheless, there is even amongst this queer people a disposition to inquire; and now that their empire is opened to the foreigner, opportunity enough is at last offered to place before them truth in its purity, which, whenever so presented, is sure to make its own spirituality and the eternal attributes of its Great Author felt. Of course we admit that excuses must be offered for enthusiastic zeal and praiseworthy anxiety to make it appear that the cause of missions in China is prosperously going forward; nevertheless, if only half that Mr. Edkins reports is taking place in this hitherto dark corner of the Asiatic Continent, there is reason to hope and believe that Christianity will there triumph, as it has done in every other quarter where it has been introduced in sole dependence upon the authority of its Divine Head and not upon the assertions of its mere professors. Superstitions as gross as those which degrade humanity in China have bowed down and succumbed before the influence of Christianity; and so it will be again, provided zeal is tempered with discretion, and those who preach practise what they preach. Nothing is a greater hinderance to the propagation of the Gospel in China, and in other heathen localities, than the misconduct of those who are supposed to be samples of a Christian people. An English ship's boat's crew will often undo in an hour what it has taken the labours of a whole missionary life to accomplish, driving back those for whom hope might naturally have been expressed, into the darkness and degradation out of which they were just emerging. Mr. Edkins does not, it is true, dwell so much upon this fact as he does upon the

relative antagonism which Chinese superstition presents to the promulgation of Christian truth; but whilst he cleverly and carefully examines this most important feature in the great work which is now before Christianity, this axiom never ought to be lost sight of—that the many inconsistencies and vehement strifes of those who teach do much more than native ignorance and prejudice to hinder the diffusion of sound learning and religious instruction.

We, however, turn from this point to the more explicit details of Mr. Edkins's very interesting volume, one of the most important features of which is his explanation of the existence of no less than three national religions in China, and of the manner in which they coexist. He shows how these three religions are distinguished—Confucianism by its moral, Taoism by its material, and Buddhism by its metaphysical constitution, and that

"These three systems, occupying the three corners of a triangle—the moral, the metaphysical, and the material—are supplemental to each other, and are able to coexist without being mutually destructive.

"They rest," he says, "each on a basis of its own, and address themselves each to different parts of man's nature. It was because Confucianism 'knew God, but did not honour him as God,' that the way was left open for a polytheism like that of the Buddhists. In the old books of China, God is spoken of as the Supreme Ruler. He is represented as exercising over mankind an infinitely just and beneficent providence. But the duty of prayer is not enjoined. No worship of God by the people is permitted. It was only by the Emperor acting vicariously for the people, that the Deity was adored in that country. The system of Confucius, wanting this, was more a morality than a religion.

"Buddhism came to fill this vacancy. Individual faith in God, with a rational mode of worship to accompany it, could not be a result of the religious teaching which preceded it in China, nor were they inculcated by it. In Buddhism, the Chinese found objects to adore of mysterious grandeur, and richly endowed with the attributes of wisdom and benevolence. The appeal thus made to their religious faith was strengthened by a pompous form of worship. Processions and the ringing of bells, fumes of sweet-smelling incense, prayers, chanting, and musical instruments, were their aids to devotion. No wonder that these additions should prove welcome to the religious susceptibilities of a nation which had hitherto been restricted within the bounds of a system almost exclusively moral, and which discouraged the worship of God by the mass of the people."

How Taoism meets the wants which the other systems fail to gratify, Mr. Edkins indicates by an illustration, which is too lengthy for quotation, but of which the object is to prove

"How the upholders of the most degrading superstitions will invariably maintain that they are auxiliary to virtue, and that they rest upon the soundest principles of morality."

Had Mr. Edkins been able to offer no further information than is to be derived from these passages, he would not have spent ten years in China in vain. His book, however, goes still further to prove that what he says on this and many other topics may be thoroughly relied upon, inasmuch as he steers singularly clear of passion and prejudice—those two rocks upon which most missionaries split. He seems to have resolved to be both fair, candid, and faithful to the character of that race which he is most desirous to convert to Christianity, and yet to conceal nothing of the difficulty nor



of the perplexity which every faithful missionary must meet, who prays for the extension of that kingdom, whose prevalence and extension brings peace and salvation to the human race.

*Deutsches Wörterbuch.* Von Jacob Grimm und Wilhelm Grimm. Erster Band—A to Biermolke. Royal 8vo. xci. 1824. (Hirzel, Leipsic.)

*A Library of National Antiquities. A Series of Volumes illustrating the general Archaeology and History of our Country, &c.* I. *A Volume of Vocabularies.* Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. Royal 8vo. xiv. 292. (Privately printed.)

*A Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, &c.* By Robert Nares, M.A., F.R.S., F.A.S., &c. A New Edition, with Considerable Additions, both of Words and Examples, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., &c., and Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c. 8vo. London. Vol. I., A to J, ix. 476; Vol. II., K to Z, 480. (J. R. Smith.)

*Quickborn. Volksleben in platt-deutschen Gedichten ditmarscher Mundart.* Von Klaus Groth. 7te Auflage. 12mo., Hamburg, xxx. 320. (Perthes-Besser und Mauke.)

WITH, at present, two improved editions of Dr. Johnson's famous dictionary promised us,—one, like the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie," the joint labour of a number of members of the Philological Society; the other by Dr. R. G. Latham—it may be worth while to turn our attention to what is doing in lexicography in other quarters, and for cognate dialects.

It is allowed on all hands that the principal and most satisfactory source of "pure English undefiled" is the oldest dialects of Germany; that, at one period, the language spoken on both sides of the German Ocean was but dialectically different, a fact which, even if history did not point out, we might still learn from the verbal identities in both modern English and German.

It is almost too trite to remark that, in all our words which designate the common relations of life, the natural affinities, the social gradations, our tools of agriculture and instruments of handicraft or commerce, the identity with Teutonic designations is too great to be partial, too extended to be fortuitous. This was early admitted; the quaint R(ichard) V(erstegan), "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence" (1628, p. 198), says:

"And, notwithstanding the so much swarming of our tongue from the original, I durst for a trial of the great dependance which it yet holdeth with that which, being issued from the same root, is spoken on the Continent, write an epistle of chosen words used among the people of sundry shires of England, as also of the people of Westphalia, Friesland, and Flanders, and the countries lying betwixt them, that should be well understood both of Englishmen and Dutchmen, so great is the nearnesse of our unmixed English with their yet used Dutche."

For the sake of brevity we refer the reader for a curious exemplification of this view to the work itself in the passage immediately succeeding.

Two considerations will arise from these ideas which may be usefully adopted by our incipient lexicographers: firstly, a knowledge of not only the present high German is indispensable to a right understanding of our mother tongue, but secondly, all its numerous dialects must be studied;

especially the *platt deutsch* as spoken on both banks of the Elbe for a considerable portion of its course, but especially in Holstein and that western nook called Ditmarsch, the nearest point of Fatherland to our island, and consequently from that consideration alone warranting the supposition of the greatest conformity. Upon geological grounds we have full reason to believe that the proximity of the two coasts was once much greater than now, and a question might even arise whether our Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, might not be joined or nearly join Helgoland (the holy land) immediately opposite.

A consideration of this kind it was which induced a German writer to declare, "*Hätte Johnson platt deutsch verstanden, sein berühmtes Wörterbuch hätte weniger Fehler gehabt.*" He of course alludes only to the etymological element of that great work, confessedly its weak point. It is with a view to bring this dialect more especially under the notice of our readers, that we have added to three recent word-books the fourth on our list—a series of poems in the Ditmarsch dialect, which in five years from its first appearance had in 1857 gained its seventh edition. It may be said to have many peculiarities with Burns's poems. The proportion which those Doric effusions bear to the language of Milton and Macaulay, Claus Groth's verses bear to those of Schiller or Goethe; and what makes the comparison doubly interesting is that the Holstein bard, in full appreciation of his Scotch predecessor, has given us an exact paraphrase of Tam o'Shanter, in which the scene only is localised round the principal town at Heide instead of Ayr, but all the incidents are transferred with a wonderful truthfulness, whilst to keep up with the prototype the name of Hans Schander is given to the drunken, belated rider, after his carouse on the Saturday's market night. We think it may interest our readers to give a short extract as a point of comparison, and an example of the dialect. We select that portion which in the original commences:

Nae man can tether time or tide—  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride.

Keen Mensch kann ewern Stunn befehn,  
Man kan de Kloock vul rüggwärts stelln,  
Doch geit de Tid ern scheben Gauck—  
Und Hans mutt fort in kort adr lauck.  
Dat ward to lat, he mutt to Perd,  
Und weer Frenz Buhman ok de Weerth;  
He mutt to Perd, un weer't en Wedder  
So gruli—as sin Telschemeder,  
De Windkerl blas' as schult he starbn  
De Regen klatsch mit Höllenarm;  
Denn leih der'n Blitz an ganzen Heben,  
Denn mak de Dunner de Eer to beben,  
Dat kann je'n Kind in Diestern sehn  
De Döwel weer vunnacht to Been.

No doubt even a pretty good German scholar would require a glossary; but, if space permitted, we think no very elaborate exegesis would make it intelligible to an Englishman with the necessary interpretation of the local allusions.

To revert, however, to the other works at the head of our article in their numerical order.

In the first, the Brothers Grimm's "German Lexicon," we have the first portion of what promises, if completed, to be a most gigantic undertaking. In 1824 closely printed quarto pages, in treble columns, we only progress to about the centre of the letter B; and, if we suppose a similar ratio for what remains of the alphabet, those who wish to possess it must be prepared with a very large addition to their library shelves. Yet even with this copiousness the work has but

a very moderate range, as it takes in only the high German dialect, to the exclusion of the *platt deutsch*, and all authors not comprised in the three centuries from Luther to Goethe; an exclusiveness which, to an English reader, is doubly disadvantageous, as it precludes the comparison with a dialect which gives the best clue to his own tongue, and where "*de olde Reynke Vos*" offers such an excellent harvest. As would be the case in any such work, and as was objected to Dr. Johnson, there have been cavillers not only on the score of redundancy but of lack: the Roman types are objected by a German purist, and by another, the determination of both brothers to persist in writing their words commencing sentences and all substantives, to speak technically, with lower case initial letters instead of capitals. These are however but trivial blemishes, and if the work be ever completed, it will form a monument *ore perennius* to both brothers. If, however, there be any truth in a rumour whispered to us in Berlin, the burthen is likely to prove too heavy for the advanced years of either, and has to be shifted to younger shoulders.

The two remaining articles may be classed together, as one editor is named for both, though singly, for the "National Antiquities," with which title we were rather astonished to find a "Volume of Vocabularies" ushered in; if the work projected be as comprehensive as the title, we must expect a succession of volumes that may equal the catalogue of the British Museum. We hope, however, that their continuation may be more original than the commencement, as, with very few exceptions, they have all been previously printed, and when the "Promtuarium Parvulorum" is completed by the Camden Society under the editorship of Mr. A. Way, will be rendered superfluous.

The reprint of Nares is a less ambitious and more useful work, the original having been long out of print, and its contents very desirable to the study of Shakspeare and the early dramatists. In a joint editorship we should be glad to have known by some discriminating mark the individual contributions of each, which would easily have been done by varying the † which now solely designates the additions to the first edition, as either in agreement or difference we may be attributing blame or praise to the wrong party. We think a more intimate acquaintance with Teutonic dialects would have been of good service both to the original author and his continuators.

In going slightly through the work we have noted as many additions and alterations from German aids as would fill a supplement, and can find room here only for one or two towards our close, which afford much matter for farther elucidation.

STOUR or STOWRE.—Distress, tumult, contention: is certainly not the radical meaning, or to use a strategical phrase, its base-line, and has, if any, only in a remote sense any connection with it. Etymologically *Stour* is but a variant of *Store*, the latter in exact conformity with the northern and Teutonic *Stör*, designating anything which by actual or possible comparison denotes whatever was larger in bulk or greater in power, dignity, or importance, than some minor term. Thus the Norwegians call their highest court or *Thing*—their parliament in fact—*Stor-thing*: our *sturgeon*, German *Stör*, has its name because this giant of fresh waters is sometimes nine feet long.



We have in England many streams named *Stour*, one each in Essex, Kent, Somerset, and Worcester, and we need only consult the local historians to find the rivulets which are the minor in the comparison. The principal stream of Holstein is called the *Stör*, and gives to the division which it flows through the name of *Stormarn*. This mode of nomenclature by local comparison was, as with early settlers, an obvious and a favourite practice, as witnessed in the frequency where we find a *Don* river giving to its next neighbour the name of *Dee*, which like the Latin *ve* as *vesanus*, *vecors*, &c., is a diminutive, and signifies little: so the two rivers in the Scottish highlands, *Don* and *Dee*, which unite their waters with the sea at the important town significantly named thence *Aber-deen*. At Doncaster the head river has two subordinates conjoined into the plural *Dearn*; the *Don* and *Dearn* navigation being very important to the inland traffic of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The *Dee* at Chester has its higher potency in the *Mersey* = *Mor* or *Great Sea*, but this mode of nomenclature is nowhere more conspicuous than in the mighty *Danube*, or as Milton more correctly writes' (*Paradise Lost*, Book I, v. 350):

"A multitude like which the pop'lous north  
Pour'd never from her frozen towns to pass  
Rhine or the *Danaw*!"—

*Don-au*, the mighty water—as it has in the other name of *Ister* = *Au-stör*, a curious illustration or translation of *Don*; and when the name is transferred to the wind the Romans deemed most pregnant with showers, they then give the true name and quality, always speaking of *imbrivus*, *humidus Auster*. This brings us round to our present English *Store*, which Johnson accurately defines by the adjective *much*, without seeing its significance, as such makes it a substantive, and curiously enough calls *Stör* Runic! We have frequent notice before of Runic letters, but know nothing of a Runic language.

We have been led somewhat so discursively on the above, that we have only room for a short elucidation of the disputed phrase, *SPAN NEW*, of which we give Nares's original explanation:

"Quite new, like cloth just taken from the tenters. The various attempts to derive this term, most of them unsatisfactory, may be seen in Todd's Johnson, under *Spick* and *Span*. To which may be added one worse than all the rest in the notes to 'Hudibras,' I. iii., 398:

"This tale was aie span newe to begin."—  
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, iii. 1671.

"It is therefore of good antiquity in the language, and not having been taken from the French may best be referred to the Saxon, in which *spannar* means 'to stretch.'"

He then signifies his approbation of this view of Johnson, and adds, "I cannot but think it preferable to any other."

The present annotators add nothing new; but a slight knowledge of German would have taught them that *Span* (and *Späne*, shavings, as more usual in the plural) would be a much better and more satisfactory origin; and they might find in Adelung the distinction accurately defined between *Späne*, shavings from the plane, and *Splitter*, those produced by the axe or riving, so that *Span new* means, as new as a board fresh planed. *Spick* and *span*, an amplification of the phrase in old poetry or alliteration, has its alliterative fellow in the German *Niet und Nagel neu*, rivet and nail new, and which confirmatory of *Spick*, our present *spike*,

shows its evident origin from the joiner's workshop.

A concluding query may be allowed at this period, when, as stated at the commencement, two new dictionaries of our language are contemplated. Is our present mode of constructing them the proper one? The orthodox and avowed proceeding of the Philological Society is:—take every author, or the most esteemed, and note all the senses in which they use a word. But is it proposed or asserted that every author, even the most exact, always used his words in a correct derivative, systematic, and analogous sense? Do not frequent irregular phrases and sentences occur? Ought the latter to be admitted into the language? Ought not rather a true dictionary to remark as much where words are used incorrectly, and where an improper and irregular authority can only tend to perpetuate error, and carry down our blunders to posterity?

*First Impressions of the New World on Two Travellers from the Old, in the Autumn of 1858.* (Longman & Co.)

PAPA, Mamma, William, and Thrower the maid, went out last autumn for a three months' tour in the United States. Mamma kept a kind of journal, which she sent home in the form of pleasant letters addressed to a certain little daughter left behind. The little daughter, it seems, was not old enough to understand or appreciate them, but mamma, nevertheless, continued writing capital, bookish, instructive letters, which a little extra polish would easily render suitable for the press and the public. For even mammas have ulterior objects sometimes, and though it is very charming to write spirited letters to dear little girls at home, it is still more charming to publish them. Accordingly, to press the letters went, and now the public has the benefit of them. It is hard to criticise these letters. Written for the perusal of a child, they betray every now and then the familiar puerilities of a fond mother, at the same time that they treat of subjects quite beyond a child's comprehension. In this manner they address themselves to no one. Children will find many of the details dull; grown-up people will condemn much of the form as childish. When a man reads a book of travels he does not want to meet with accounts of "poor papa's headaches," and "poor papa's fidgets," papa's restlessness, his obstinacy, his eating too many quails and drinking too much native Champagne for supper, his pacing about the cabins and the railroad cars, his discomfort on board a rocking steamer, and his fidgeting first from his own berth, then to mamma's, till the reader grows as distracted as the mother. All this was very charming to the little girls at home, who knew dear tall papa's ways, and could picture him as exactly as their mother described him, but the unsympathetic public cares really nothing about these details, nor even takes much interest in knowing that the restless, headachy man (is he bilious?) is full six feet three high, and inclined to practical science. The public is very likely a hard-hearted monster; but as it is the public who buys the book, secures the publishers against loss, and makes the author's success, its caprices must be indulged, and its tastes studied; and we do not think the hybrid style of our anonymous traveller will do either.

No stirring adventures startled the nerves or tried the courage of our tourists. They certainly did once meet three savage looking bears, but before they had time to cry for help they found the bears were chained and unable to do them any mischief. It was not unlike the lion's story in "Pilgrim's Progress," only with a certain amount of bathos in it, which such a story translated into actuality must necessarily have. This, and mamma's dizzy head when walking on a narrow slippery ledge, comprise all the escapes and adventures of the journey. But if not singularly romantic, the book is varied and pleasant enough in many parts; in others, it is simply puerile, as we have already indicated. Never deep, never venturing to be bold, the utmost amount of wit and sparkle possible to it consisting in a few half-timid slang words, with the apologetic preface, "as William would say," we can yet well believe that mamma is held to be a second Humboldt or Madame de Sévigné at home, and that her children, and dear, tall, restless, headachy papa too, for the matter of that, think that never—no, never—was there such a book of travels written before, and that Dickens, Harriet Martineau, and Fredrika Bremer only turned up spade-fuls where she has flung out cartloads. It is not difficult, nor will it be lengthy, to enumerate the various topics of this book. What they thought of the American hotels; how their rooms were furnished, and how the landlord shook hands with them and said "sir" to papa; how they travelled with Mr. Tyson on the Baltimore and Ohio railway in a most delightfully appointed moveable house rather than carriage, with pantries, ice cellars, and all sorts of good things at hand, hooking themselves on, first to one train, then to another, able to stop when and where they pleased, and for as long as they pleased (it was really a most enjoyable journey and will make every reader unphilosophically envious); how they met with a real live Topsy, who "speaks she is too large to learn to read now," who never said her prayers, because she "feels such a burden like when she tries to kneel down, that she can't," and who was engaged in "dressing her mistress, doing her room, and fixing her up altogether;" how papa went to see the large slaughtering establishment at Chicago, and mamma sat in the carriage outside, and was thankful she had spared herself the sight; how the ladies dress in low necks and short sleeves in the morning, and sometimes in French wrappers and shawl dressing-gowns in the evening; how they were waited on at Albany by twenty pale-faced flirtatious and impertinent damsels, all in crinoline and bare bosoms, short sleeves, and pink cottons, such flirtatious damsels that even papa, who seems to have a weakness that way, "could not defend any one of them;" how they saw Niagara, and how, imitating the Greek painter and Fanny Kemble, mamma is mute as to its glories, and makes silence her most eloquent expression; how they got caught in a storm coming home, and were all dreadfully sick, even to the stewardess and the sailors; and how they consider themselves specially favoured by Providence, in so much as they have been graciously preserved, and not smashed, blown up, tumbled down an embankment, or snagged and drowned on their way—how about those who are?—when we have run through this list we have the principal incidents, and all the chief points of interest in the book. The make-weights

come in the shape of church-goings, and what they heard there; of slavery, and what men said of it; of revivals, and how they saw a very tame transcript of the real thing, and heard two negro women shout out "glory, glory," at the top of their voices; and of what papa would do, and of what he would not do; of his fidgets, and his headaches, his masterfulness, and his sufferings.

But we do not mean to carp too much at the book. There is nothing in it new or strong; but many people will like it, and young ladies will call it nice; men who pride themselves on their masculine intellect will sneer at it, but the circulating libraries will stand its friend; and the author will probably write another work on the strength of this, and find an obliging publisher and a remunerative sale.

*The Jews in the East.* By the Rev. P. Beaton, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces. From the German of Dr. Frankl. In Two Volumes. (Hurst & Blackett.)

We have copied the title-page of this book precisely as it stands, but are bound at the outset to protest against its form. The ingenuous way of describing the work would have been this: "The Jews in the East. By Dr. Frankl of Vienna. Translated from the German by the Rev. P. Beaton, Chaplain to the Forces." The true state of the case as regards the authorship is, of course, discovered by the reader, after reading a very few pages, but it cannot be gathered with certainty from the title-page, and is certainly disguised altogether by the short title imprinted in gold letters on the back. If this be a "dodge," for the purpose of attracting more attention from English readers, it may partially succeed, but is more injurious than useful to any high and well-established reputation. Every one has seen this work cited in the newspapers as Beaton's "Jews in the East," instead of Frankl's "Jews in the East," and the misdescription no doubt has arisen from the cause we have mentioned. Thus an erroneous impression has been very widely circulated. Having stated this preliminary objection, we are happy to add that in all other respects these volumes will afford the reader unmixed gratification and amusement.

The author, Dr. Frankl, is a German Jewish physician, living at Vienna. From his own allusions we learn that he is celebrated as an author, and the editor of Hippocrates, and perhaps still more as a poet. He has composed a poem on Don Juan of Austria, the scene of which is the Gulf of Lepanto, and another on Columbus, as we collect from the conversation on the occasion of his visit to the King and Queen of Greece. Elsewhere we find that he has devoted songs to the Holy Land and its prophets, the inspiration for which he drew, however, not from Jerusalem, where he was oppressed only with a deep feeling of sorrow. It needs only to read these pages to discover that the writer possesses every qualification if not for a poet of the first class, still of a very eminent character. His remarks throughout the journey, which are always poured forth with spontaneous eloquence, display to the reader, without effort or design, a remarkable sensibility of mind. At Athens he is contemplative and critical; at Constantinople, full of surprise and unwearied curiosity at the new and strange world around him; at Beyroot he begins to show the buoyancy of spirit which is natural upon reaching a

remote and much-desired land, freed from the cares of social life; at Lebanon, the solemn majesty of the mountains enters into his soul and breathes in his descriptions; at Damascus, the splendour and glory of the exhaustless East seem fairly to intoxicate his imagination; and from this point the vein changes—a profound melancholy is inspired by the misery, degradation, and alienation which pervade the Holy Land, and are nowhere more strikingly exhibited than at Jerusalem itself. Neither at Hebron nor at Tiberias, at Nazareth or Samaria, is this dull feeling of grief shaken off. It underlies every narrative, and pervades every scene, though the author's genius and powers of observation never fail him.

Dr. Frankl left Trieste for Jerusalem in March, 1856, for the purpose of carrying out the benevolent design of a German Jewish lady, a native of Prague, but left a widow at Vienna, who wished to found a school at Jerusalem which should be open to all creeds. The name of this benefactress was Madame Elisa Herz von Lämél. With this main object in view the author had a romantic and religious interest in undertaking a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and, armed as he was with introductions, he could rely upon the assistance of the Austrian Government wherever he went, whilst his own birth and religion gave him access to the interior of most of the Jewish communities.

Above all other subjects in point of novelty and authenticity we should be inclined to set most value on the author's researches into the history, statistics, religious habits, morals, and condition of his own people. On these points we look upon his statements with the utmost confidence, from the perfect frankness and liberality of his views. With few exceptions the picture is a most melancholy one. With a force that is derived from intimate knowledge and close observation he describes the evils under which his brethren are suffering.

Among the first is their custom of early marriages, which is encouraged, indeed, by universal example in the East, but not a little increased by want of employment and the impossibility of trusting Jewish children to the care of Turkish masters, as apprentices or servants. But the evil is not confined to the poor. At a fashionable banquet in Damascus the writer describes in glowing terms the beauty of a wife of 12 who had been married about a month before to a lad of 18. Speaking as a physician, the author dissipates all doubts as to the physiological propriety of these marriages, which may be fancied to exist from difference of climate or race. It is certain that such unions often tend to a feeble and degenerate offspring and to premature old age; whilst in other instances men are burdened in early life with the care not only of their own children, but often of the offspring of their married sons. Not less injurious are the ignorance and superstition which act upon each other, which, combined with physical weakness, keep families and communities in continual poverty, for relief from which they rely chiefly on the alms contributed from Holland, Germany, and England. Thus is established a complex system of degradation in which every mental and physical faculty is lowered together, and it becomes difficult to know at which portion of the circle the remedy should be introduced. Foremost among the noble modern institutions of Palestine is mentioned the Rothschild Hospital at Jerusalem, which is admirably and

successfully conducted. The Cohen Industrial School, and a similar institution for girls founded by Sir Moses Montefiore, are less flourishing. By the side of these notable instances of failure, amidst difficulties of various kinds, not unaccompanied by fanatical opposition, the author succeeded in finding and fitting up a house for the purpose of Madame von Lämél's school, and finally of opening the institution for the reception of twelve children, the offspring of Austrian subjects, seven of Turkish, and one of French. At the same time about twenty boys were received as day scholars. Of the subsequent success of this school we have not heard.

A traveller of Dr. Frankl's intelligence and benevolence naturally turned his attention to the religious differences which separate the Jews, as they do every other religious faith whose adherents are devoted and thoughtful men. For the subtle distinctions between the Sephardim, the Aschkenasim, the Karaites, the Peruschim, the various divisions of the Chassidim, and others, we must refer the reader to the second volume of the work, merely observing that Dr. Frankl finds the Aschkenasim alone to be broken up into six sects, each of which hates the other à l'outrance. Elsewhere the author observes:

"I cannot, however, avoid alluding to the incredible hatred of the Christian sects, which rages quite as violently here (at Bethlehem) as at the church of the Holy Sepulchre."

The proceedings of the missionary society known to us as the Jews' Society naturally attract some attention. A Jew himself, Dr. Frankl naturally looks upon this institution as an organised system of bribery. In some instances he speaks with praise of the Jews, that they have not been caught by the "golden net" of the London Mission. A word on the subject from so candid an observer may have an interest for the reader:

"We cannot but be struck with the phenomenon of so many Jewish converts to Christianity, and chiefly to Protestantism, in the holiest city in the world, and with the apparently important results of missionary labour, but this impression is very much weakened if we examine, from a religious and moral stand-point, the character of the sheep which have been brought within the fold by the shepherds. Even if I had been in a position to do so, it was not my design to investigate and to make myself acquainted with the means employed by the mission to induce the Jews to be baptised. But there is not a shadow of a doubt, at least at Jerusalem, that these holy fishers of men use a golden net, and every one who chooses to inquire about the matter will receive this reply.

"The Latins, also, only begin to support those who become Catholics after their conversion. The Protestants give earnest money, and demoralise families. When a father sternly rebukes his children, it is not unusual for them to reply with the insolent threat, 'I will go to the Mission.'"

He proceeds to tell a story of a thief who, being convicted of stealing 2,500 piastres, out of revenge, because the Jews would not intercede for him, became a convert to Protestantism. The same man, he says, begged 3,000 piastres from him, the author, in order to save him, his wife, and six children from being baptised. Many, the writer adds, pretend to be converted for their present temporal advantages, and then revert to Judaism, to the great delight of their relatives, who rejoice over this "spoiling of the Philistines." A Polish Jew once said: "Baptism was the only good business we had, and who has spoiled it? The Jews themselves, by under-



selling one another." Worthy frequenters of Exeter Hall should take these statements along with them. "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*" Dr. Frankl very candidly adds, that, setting aside what is immoral and bad (he means, no doubt, the putting a premium upon what he considers to be apostacy), the material advantages which the Mission has conferred upon the Jews is very great, and it has done much to promote civilisation in the highest sense of the term. The missionaries employ labourers for hire, without giving them alms, the only religious infliction being the compelling them to listen to a missionary sermon every evening. For this the labourers receive four piastres a day, and acquire a considerable advantage in consequence—from the wages, if not from the discourse.

It is rarely, however, that the nationality or faith of the writer comes into conflict with the feelings of either Catholic or Protestant Christians. The great bulk of the book is taken up by vivid descriptions of places, men, and adventures, which will be read with deep and enduring interest.

At Corfu, Dr. Frankl gives an account of the life and writings of the Greek poet Count Dionysius Solomos, whom Lady Douglas, the wife of the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, besought, "on her knees," not to withhold his poem called "*Lampros*" from the nation, and at the news of whose death the Ionian Senate, on the 21st of February, 1857, suspended its sitting. At Athens he describes a reception given to him by the King and Queen of Greece:

"The King, in the white national costume, richly embroidered with silver, with two stars on his breast, stood in the middle of the room, with the Queen on his right, about a yard behind him. She wore a dark red dress of striped silk, and a head-dress which showed almost the whole of her smoothly-braided hair, and allowed it to hang down on both sides in two small plaits. Her eyes are blue and warm, like the Ionian sky, her mouth, when she smiles, 'sows pearls,' to borrow the language of a Greek song. She wore strings of large pearls, as if a god, descending from Olympus, had wept tears of joy on the neck of the fair but mortal queen. An agraffe of delicate workmanship shone on her breast. She held her right hand over her left upon her breast, with the glove hanging on the points of her fingers, so that the upper part of the hand was visible—a sign, as I was afterwards informed, that I ought to take off the glove from my right hand so as to take the Queen's hand in it and kiss it."

"The Queen, her physician informed me, is a lady of extraordinary activity. When she held the Regency, during the King's absence, she rose every morning at three o'clock, took a sea-bath, and laboured without interruption, save during the audiences she gave, till a late hour at night. She never slept more than three hours. The Queen is the strongest woman in Greece. Exercise on horseback is, with her, a necessity; she is subject to palpitations of the heart when she neglects it for a few days, and she is the boldest rider in the kingdom. I saw her one day, in a brown riding-dress, mount a splendid animal, and rush down the declivity that leads from the palace, like one of the heroines whom the Minnesingers of the middle ages celebrated in their songs."

At Constantinople he sees the Sultan:

"The crowd, which may have amounted to 10,000 souls, was divided by a broad street lined on both sides with Turkish soldiers: the Sultan had to pass through the midst of them. I observed, in an elegant, low-built carriage, the finely-formed head of a lady, whose face was covered by the most transparent of veils; her forehead sparkled with diamonds, and she wore a blue silk dress. This lady, about seventeen years of age, is one of the Sultan's favourite wives. Beside

her sat a beautiful child, about three years of age, and opposite to her, two ladies in white dresses. Two negro eunuchs, richly clad and splendidly armed, stood behind the carriage.

"At length the Sultan approached, the band began to play, and the immense multitude was still as death. He wore a long, blue mantle, that reached to his ankles, and rode at a slow pace on an iron-grey horse, holding the reins in his white gloved hands. The mantle was fastened at the neck by a large diamond clasp. His face is deadly pale, his nose rather long, his black eyes soft and mild; his head is covered with a red fez, ornamented with a diamond star. Impassible in his bearing, apparently almost unconscious of the presence of the crowd on which his eye is fixed, the Lord of the Faithful passes on, silent and solemn, like an apparition."

He calls upon Omer Pacha, who had just married a fourth wife, a girl of fourteen, the daughter of Hafis Pacha, a match which was much discussed and universally condemned by the Christians at Constantinople. The spirited and soldier-like tone of conversation of the renegade general is well rendered. At Beyroot, we have a noble description of scenery, in which the author particularly excels, and the same graphic skill accompanies his narrative of a visit to the Prince of Lebanon and his subsequent crossing of that mountain. His most romantic experiences are, however, reserved for Damascus. He is startled at finding a tame tiger protruding his head to drink with him out of the same cup of coffee, in the house of Colonel Geszler. He sketches the career of the late Countess of Ellenborough in rather different terms from those given by the "Roving Englishman." He compares the city, with its foul exteriors and splendid interiors, to "an ugly woman with a noble heart." But the most original scene in the book is the description of a feast given by a wealthy Jew at Damascus in honour of Baron Alphonso von Rothschild, an Englishman. Upon arriving, the Europeans were treated to coffee, iced lemonade, and chibouques with splendid yellow amber mouth-pieces set with diamonds. Each lady guest, as she arrived, took her place on the divan, and placed in her mouth the red, silver-tipped tube of a narghilé:

"The ladies were all dressed in heavy green, yellow, red, and blue flowered silks of Damascus. These dresses were fastened in front and round the waist with a parti-coloured girdle; they wore also wide silk trowsers, usually red and white, with yellow or red slippers, richly embroidered with gold. The upper part of the body was covered with a white silk tunic, embroidered with gold or silver, which left the breast exposed. Over this they wore plain silk jackets, of all the colours of the rainbow, with wide slit sleeves, embroidered with gold. Their shoulders were adorned with bouquets of roses of gold, which were worn like epaulets. But the most valuable article of dress was the red fez, which was covered with gold tassels, strings of pearls and diamonds, roses of rubies, and leaves of emeralds."

Twenty ladies at length were sitting cross-legged on the divan, all emitting clouds of smoke, while the water of the crystal narghilé which stood before each of them kept gurgling not at all unlike a disagreeable snore, and the small rose-leaves that had been placed in them were whirling about at every puff like red flakes of snow. No one spoke, and each looked straight before her; but the scene was abundantly picturesque. After two hours, at about six o'clock, the host announced dinner by clapping his hands. Baron Rothschild rose and offered his arm to his fair neighbour, Dr. Frankl did the same. He adds:

"This act produced a wonderful sensation; the men eyed one another askance, and smiled, while the women seemed lost in astonishment at this act of audacity, which, as we afterwards learned from their remarks, excited no small degree of jealousy, on account of the undue preference shown to their companions."

After dinner came the toasts, which were shouted out in an extraordinary manner. One was, "*Evrica Signore Rothschild e tutta la sua famiglia.*" The men all shouted, and the women hammered the table with the handles of their knives and forks, as if beating a drum. The author's health is drunk. He replies as follows:

"From my childhood, I have been accustomed to hear of the roses of Damascus; they are celebrated in the West, and known by the enchanting fragrance of the ottar of roses. But on my arrival here, after crossing the ocean and many lands, I find that they have lost all their attractions for me, since I have seen the ladies of Damascus, and such a charming circle of them around me—on my return home, I will speak only of the fair roses of Damascus."

The Doctor's speech produced a highly favourable sensation. The ladies knocked the table again, and when this storm had ceased, expressed their astonishment "by that slight smacking of the tongue by which the Italians and the Jews of Europe express their admiration." The toasts are followed by a sort of mechanical dance, in which the ladies only took part. But, the Doctor adds:

"My toast to the fair roses of Damascus was to be avenged. At a given signal, all the ladies stood up; each one stuck a fork into a sweetmeat, and advancing solemnly with the fork extended like a sceptre, handed me the sweetmeats, one after another. I did not dare return the fork without having partaken of the sweetmeat, as I should thus have failed duly to appreciate this extraordinary attention. My sense of taste thus suffered great violence, and I was afraid that worse consequences might ensue."

"The ladies accompanied this distribution of sweets with such expressions as—'May it agree with you, sir,' or, 'May God bless the morsel to you.' Madame Farchi, as the youngest, was the last to advance, with a rose-leaf that fluttered on the silver fork, like a purple standard on a white minaret. Her timidity prevented her from saying anything; I waited till the other women had retired, and then took the fork and said to her:—'Thou art the rose, and thy sisters are only the thorns.' She looked at me with her large eyes in silence, and I could observe that she scarcely understood my meaning."

The banquet terminated with chibouques and coffee.

But we must postpone for the present further notice of the interesting contents of these volumes.

*Village Belles. A Tale of English Country Life.* By the Author of "*Mary Powell.*" (Bentley.)

THIS is a new and revised edition of the first work by the Author of "*Mary Powell*," though it scarcely deserves such an amount of literary success. It is a slight story, undramatic in detail, heavy in action, and of very youthful conceptions of character; but it will be pleasant reading enough to the young and unworn, whose imaginations can supply all that the inexperience of the author has left out. The story is that one, so hackneyed with a certain class of semi-religious writers, the trial of a young girl's "principles," when she finds that her artist lover is not so strict on church matters as he should be, and of looser views generally than she approves of. Of course, a fair girl with blue eyes, brown



hair, and a pale complexion, could not but sacrifice her love to her orthodoxy; had she had dark eyes, dark hair, and a glowing cheek, it would have been all the other way; but novelists are always true to complexion, and one may be very sure of the current virtue of a heroine if she starts with a small quantity of hæmatin in her blood, and a constitutional tendency to consumption. Yet, in point of fact, the vixen *par excellence* of a neighbourhood, is generally a diminutive fair woman; not one of your tall, dark-eyed, typical Judiths, who, for the most part, are mild and sleepy enough, not to say docile and cow-like. Was it not Professor Wilson who said that Lady Macbeth was one of these slight, small, fair women, with blue eyes and golden hair? and was not Brinvilliers an ideal saint and angel in her beauty? The authoress of "Mary Powell," however, dared to make no such glaring innovation against established rules of art: consequently, her lily Hannah is all that a human lily should be, wise, prudent, virtuous, and very pious; while her damask rose, Rosina, is flighty, inconsequent, gifted, and ill-regulated. Both young ladies fall in love with a certain artist, whose unregenerate nature becomes finally apparent, to the great sorrow and trial, and temporary withering of the lily, to whom he has engaged himself. The rose, who falls in love quite gratuitously and without being asked, is perter, and brisks up sooner. Her disappointment, indeed, passes off very lightly, while Hannah's needs an actual journey to London to cure. But hers, too, is overcome with marvellous celerity, considering the tenacious character of your human lilies in books; and in the end she marries her stupid, good, correct lover, the vicar, there being no earthly reason why she should not have married him a year and a half before, and so have been spared all her pain. Rosina first jilts, then returns to her early love, and the curtain descends in a shower of orange-blossoms and marriage favours, as all well appointed curtains should do. "Village Belles" will add nothing to Mary Powell's reputation among thinking and educated people, but it is a safe book, and one that mothers can put into the hands of their young daughters without fear of bad results. And, as all imaginative literature in England has been lowered to the bread and butter standard, and only such portions of life chronicled as well bred young ladies may read of, "Village Belles" will not be found much weaker or more insipid than the rest.

*The Romance of the Ranks: or, Anecdotes, Episodes, and Social Incidents of Military Life.* By T. W. Conolly, Quartermaster of the Royal Engineers, Author of "The History of the Royal Sappers and Miners." 2 Vols. (Longmans.)

QUARTERMASTER Conolly of the Engineers is a marvellous man. His is a precious gift—the gift of utterance—with pen, ink, and paper. Stephenson, the lecturer, in his day, would have envied him, and some of our loud-voiced preachers had better look to their laurels, or to whatever other trophies fall to great traffickers in words. Many a time and oft has a soldier had been too clever by half for very wise and cunning people; and the combined scarlet and brass of the Queen's coat has frequently taken the shine out of all other "cloth" of whatever denomination. If this holds good of the army in general, if the marching regiments, the mute, inglorious

Rifles and the amphibious Marines have their records of civilians out-witted and conquered in their own lines by the transcendent genius of the lower order of soldiers, what must be the successes of crack corps, and among the crack corps what must be the triumphs of the corps of Sappers and Miners, commonly known as Royal Engineers?

Quartermaster Conolly displays, in his literary career, all the qualities which honourably distinguish an old campaigner. Matchless, unflinching courage which carries him through and over everything; endurance unquailing under the tedium of penning a good deal of very dreary matter; frugality which contents itself with little; thrift, which makes that little go a great way; and a readiness of appropriation which must have ensured his success as leader of a foraging party. His more important stories have all the peculiar characteristics of a field-day at Chatham. They all open with a great flourish of trumpets and bugles; there is a vast to do about marching out, and a good many evolutions in the open, and in the end very little has been done. They are all *réveil*, muster, preparation, countermarching, and firing of blank cartridge. You are requested to take an intense interest in the proceedings, and not to look for any result. The smaller stories, the scraps, and paragraphs are by far the best portions of the book; only a few of them have been foraged into the encampment of the Sappers and Miners.

Thus much for the substance of Quartermaster Conolly's volume; as for the manner, it is that of a non-commissioned officer. Learned naturalists who have devoted their attention to the habits of domestic servants, have remarked on the peculiar idiosyncrasy of housemaids, who shrink with instinctive horror from the word "enough," while they evince a great predilection for the word "sufficient." Extremes meet. Quartermaster Conolly has likes and dislikes similar to those of the most peaceable, inoffensive, and useful members of our families. He glories in the gold lace, in the stripes and chevrons of the English language. He would blush to be guilty of a Saxon word, which any one can use and understand, so long as his idea can be expressed by a derivative from the Greek or Latin. All the persons he introduces, unless they talk broad Irish or Scotch, give utterance to their feelings in the most euphuistic of terms—all pipeclay and brass buttons, patent blacking, and frogs and embroidery.

We quote a few "scraps," partly to show Mr. Conolly's manner, and partly because the portions we have selected ought to be amusing, since they are by far the best in the book:

"ALL FOR APPEARANCE.—In the autumn of 1826, lieutenant M—, of the artillery, arranged to perambulate, on a certain day, the boundaries of the parish of Killead, near Antrim. The party assembled at the appointed hour, but Sandy Lauder, a slothful surveyor, made his appearance two hours after the time. A simple reprimand was the result of his delinquency.

"At the end of the week, Lauder, like the rest of the sappers, sent to lieutenant M— a copy of his diary for the preceding six days, to be forwarded for the perusal of colonel Colby. Each day named in it showed the hour of beginning work; and an explanation was afforded to account for the delay on the day alluded to. In examining the journal, the subaltern found, to his astonishment, that the writer had impudently stated

he was 'detained two hours waiting for lieutenant M—!'

"Look here, sir," cried the indignant officer. 'How is it you have stated in your journal you were waiting for me, when you know I was waiting two hours for you?'

"O! sir," replied Sandy, with stolid simplicity, 'I ken that weel enough; but I thocht it wad luik better to shew to the colonel!'

Another anecdote, too long to quote, records the doings of a certain military chaplain, who did all he could to prevent the soldiers falling asleep at church:

"Even when reading the text, he has broken off in the middle of an unfinished sentence to call attention to some tired red-coat enjoying his somnolent nods and winks in a distant corner. On one occasion he had so mingled Scripture with the intimation, that the ludicrous association gave rise to a short but irrepressible titter through the congregation. And who could wonder at it? for thus impressively read the chaplain—'And Abraham said unto Lot' (a pause, during which the parson pointed to a slumberer in a retired seat), 'sergeant, that man's asleep!'

The following story is of doubtful origin:

"THE COLONEL'S LADY.—A distinguished officer at a certain station, seized by a discreet fit, resolved to make the barracks occupied by the officers and troops under his command a pattern for virtue. Accordingly, he issued orders that no women, on any pretence, were to be admitted within the gates; and the more effectually to carry out this moral instruction, which went further than Plato, with all his solid repose, had ever contemplated, the colonel had the stern prohibition recorded on the boards of orders and dinned into the ears of the sentry at every relief.

"Not long after, a lady, in all the elegance and style of rank and fashion, glided up to the gate.

"You cannot go in, ma'am," said the sentry, as amiably as it was possible to communicate a prohibition.

"Why not?" said the lady, smiling, convinced that this interruption was a mistake.

"The colonel has just promulgated a stringent order against the admission of women into barracks. And here it is," added he, lifting the board from the nail in his box.

"I do not doubt your word, my man; but the order could not be intended to exclude an officer's lady?" This was said with such pretty submission, it was a wonder the sentry did not chance a court-martial for her ladyship's sake, and permit her to enter.

"It makes no exception, ma'am; and you cannot go in!"

"But," said she, winningly, with a due appreciation of the propriety of so becoming an order, 'you will let me pass, I am sure, when I tell you that I am the colonel's lady!'

"My duty is plain," returned the sentry. 'You are a woman; and I dare not let you in, if even you should say you are the colonel's wife!'

The same anecdote has for many years past been told of a Dublin doorkeeper, and the wife of an Irish Chancellor. Right or wrong, it forms part, and by no means the worst part, of Quartermaster Conolly's "Romance of the Ranks"—a production which we cannot recommend, and which we refrain from condemning, only because we have reason to hope it will be the last of its kind. Mr. Conolly has used up every shred, tatter, and rag of anecdote, story, or squib he could lay his hands on, and that too in many instances greatly to the detriment of the army. Almost all his heroes are either sots, scamps, or fools; and those who take their ideas of soldiers from the "Romance of the Ranks" must form a very unfavourable opinion of our fellow-countrymen in her Majesty's military service. We hope that he has now exhausted his materials.

## THE LITERARY FOREIGN MINISTER.

If ever any country could boast of a literary ministry certainly Great Britain is in that proud position at the present moment. We have a Lord Chancellor, to whose merits in the book-making way we have already done justice; we have a Home Secretary whose reputation as an author and a philosopher is European; we have a Chancellor of the Exchequer whose literary claims are far above the average; and we have a Foreign Secretary who, had he found no other work cut out for him, would in all probability have gone on for the last thirty or five-and-thirty years writing and publishing prose and verse, history and philosophy, biography and politics. Nay, he might perhaps have invaded also the realms of Romance, and come out annually with a profound disquisition in the shape of a novel, in three volumes post octavo, price one pound eleven shillings and sixpence.

Some thirty, or from five-and-thirty to seven-and-twenty years ago, this country was passing through a crisis in its history. The great European war had ceased, and all the countries which had been convulsed by its struggles were resting and gradually recovering their strength. England had taken on herself by far the largest part of the expenses—that is, of the pecuniary expenses of that war, and it was due to her lavish expenditure of blood and treasure, that Louis XVIII. reigned in Paris and the Pope in Rome. But taxes pressed heavily; the pension list was a large, and in many respects an objectionable, one; the laws, in themselves severe, were severely administered; the attachment of the people to the throne was feeble; George IV. was personally and deservedly unpopular; the labouring population was in a state of great distress; a commercial crisis of terrific character had just passed; Parliament was scarcely more popular than royalty; the Church was out of favour; and in any other country than this a revolution would have taken place, from the effects of which most assuredly we should not have recovered at the present time. When we remember that the castles of our nobility were in flames, that prisons were broken open and workhouses destroyed, that Bristol was well-nigh burned by an infuriated mob, and that the panacea recommended by the demagogues of the time was “the application of a sponge to the National Debt,” the language we have employed will not be thought too strong.

It was at this critical period in our history that the great Whig leaders determined to carry, at whatever cost, a great measure of parliamentary reform. The national mind was impressed with the idea that the great evils of the time arose from the free action of the constitution being impeded. If the people could be fairly represented in their own House, national wants would be attended to and national grievances redressed. The cry arose from one extremity of the empire to the other for REFORM; no other question had any chance of attention, the whole people was divided into a comparatively small section of anti-reformers and a vast and countless mass proclaiming the will of the nation. The Tories, Conservatives, or by whatever name they chose to be called, were gradually diminishing in number and influence, the vague cry for reform assumed a more definite aspect, and Earl Grey, one of the proudest men in England, and endowed with more aristocratic *morque* than anyone of his fellows, put himself at the head of the popular move-

ment. With him was joined a small but compact body of old Whigs—men who had wrought into their very lives and souls the Whig doctrine that the government of this country belonged of right to the great families of the revolution, and that it was only by keeping them in power and place that the nation could show a proper gratitude for being delivered from “tyranny, popery, and wooden shoes,” or in a phrase of similar import, from the Pope, the other potentate, and the Pretender. That the Whig leaders had no other thought than this, it would be uncharitable to assert. They saw that the Tories did make an unconstitutional use of their parliamentary influence—that they did the same themselves cannot be denied, but in cutting off a hand from their own party they saw clearly that they should be cutting off two from their adversaries, and they prepared for the sacrifice in a spirit of patriotic martyrdom. But there were men with them who kept them in the right direction, who prevented their zeal from flagging, and who refreshed them from time to time by a grand ovation. Popular applause followed their every appearance in public, and it began to be an understood thing that the great families were once more to save the nation. Their great ally was Henry Brougham, to whom, virtually, this country owes the Reform Act of 1832. The task of reducing the popular demand to some intelligible form was now to be undertaken, and it was agreed among the “inside passengers to glory” that this should be accomplished by some member of the privileged body. All eyes were turned at this season to a younger scion of the house of Russell, a man who had already distinguished himself by his knowledge of the constitution, his attachment to the great principles of his party, and a certain degree of accuracy and clearness of great value in such a position as that which was about to be assigned to him.

It was essential that the Whig families should secure the credit of the reform, which all felt to be inevitable. Lord John Russell had the pre-eminent advantage of high birth. He belonged to the right stock, his personal character was unimpeachable. The aristocracy could trust him, because they well knew that he would stand by his order. The commonalty would support him, because they dearly love a lord at all times, and the very name of Russell had become historical. To Lord John Russell therefore was awarded the honour of drawing up the scheme of reform which was passed in 1832. Among those who made this award there were probably some who knew what they were giving—a name for ever in history—a place of glory among the statesmen of all time. Come what might, this could never be taken away, and had Lord John Russell understood himself, his powers, and his position, he would after this have retired into private life. The country was safe, political storms might and would sweep over its horizon, but the constitution had entered into the harbour of safety. His soul would have been

Like a star, and dwelt apart.

All ordinary rivalry should have been too mean for one who had occupied a position so splendid. But Lord John descended into the arena of common-place strife. He became a place-seeker, the man to sneer at and snub opponents, to trip up the heels of a rival ministry, to be factious, and captious, and peevish. He allowed himself to be seen and known, and he was understood accordingly;

whereas, had he remained within his shrine, he would have continued an idol. And thus men had an opportunity of gauging his powers and his pretensions. To reduce him to his proper rank was obviously impossible, he must ever occupy a high place, and this was a portion of the price which England had to pay for the unquestionably great advantages of aristocratic help. Had it not been for the “privileged families” we should have had revolution instead of reform, and to Lord John Russell as their organ and mouthpiece much is due. We do not therefore grudge him his place and power. We only wish that he had chosen a more dignified position, or that he were more qualified for that which he has selected. Again: it must not be imagined that we regard him as a mere self-seeker; he is, we believe, thoroughly convinced that without him no government could act properly in this country. There never was yet the task to which he did not consider himself equal; and the more new to him, the more satisfied would he be that he could accomplish it with the most entire success. The well-known observation of Sidney Smith, that Lord John would perform the operation of lithotomy, or take the command of the Channel fleet at an hour's notice, was neither intended nor received as a joke: it was but putting in a terse and epigrammatic way the opinion entertained of his lordship by the chiefs of his own party. He takes office because he believes himself to be the best qualified man to do so, and because without him the country would go to the dogs.

Let us now look at this prominent rather than eminent statesman, and compare the position which he holds in literature with that which he holds in the State. In the latter he is a man of influence rather than weight. Small in person and undignified in manner, he has none of the graces of oratory. His mode of speaking is small and poor, sometimes mildly jocose, and sometimes simperingly complacent. His indignation takes the form of a peevish kind of spite, and his sarcasm is like a discharge of needles. His accuracy and order, his long practice as to what is important and what is irrelevant, make his speeches read much better than they seem when listened to, and his undoubted acquaintance with constitutional law, and with the forms of the House of Commons, renders it unsafe to neglect what he says.

A man such as this, gifted with untiring industry, would be a voluminous, but not a great, author; and no one, not even his most zealous adherents, have claimed a particle of literary greatness for Lord John Russell. He has been moderately successful in all that he has undertaken. He wants grandeur and elevation to be a great historian; grasp of mind, breadth of view, to be a great philosopher; genius to be a great poet, judgment to be a great biographer. His translation of Schiller's “Don Carlos,” stamps him with mediocrity as a poet. His “Life and Letters of Moore” places him in a still worse position as a biographer. He has exactly printed what he ought to have omitted, perpetuated what ought to be forgotten, commented on what required no remark, and left unexplained what peculiarly demanded illustration. If the name of Thomas Moore shine with a diminished radiance amidst those of his poetic brethren, he has to thank for this the biographical skill of his aristocratic friend, Lord John Russell. An unlucky expression which fell from Lord John on the finality of the mea-



sure of 1832 has for ever deprived him of the character of a philosophical statesman. The nickname, "Finality John," has effectually prevented that honour being attached to his memory; for though it may be thought harsh to allow a single expression so much weight, yet it must be borne in mind that there are expressions which evidently display the extent of the mind, and must be in their effects decisive and irrevocable. No one who looked at a suit of Lord John's clothes would regard him as a son of Anak (though we believe that he has a notion of that kind himself); and there are sayings which enable us to judge of a man's mental size just as accurately as a view of his coat and continuations would enable us to decide on his bodily dimensions. To suppose that a measure must be final which was based on shifting elements, which became necessary in consequence of changes still going on, was a stretch of folly which no one expected.

Lord John Russell is a man above the average intellect; he has acquitted himself respectably in so many ways that had he been a private man he would have obtained a wide reputation for cleverness. Had not the framing of the Reform Bill been committed to him, he might still have had the same reputation, only in a larger sphere; but by being forced into a position where powers of the highest kind are required, he can only be regarded as the most illustrious of failures. Distanced in the literary race, out-generated by Austrians in diplomacy, borne down by mightier genius in the Senate, he is indebted to the past for the toleration he meets with; and remembering what we owe him, we turn with pleasure from the consideration of his authorship and his statesmanship, his partisanship and his diplomacy, and look with eye refreshed on his zeal, his untiring industry, his self-denying devotion to parliamentary labours, his unsullied integrity, and the purity of his private life.

#### NEW NOVEL.

*The Foster Brothers; being a History of the School and College Life of two Young Men.* (Hall, Virtue, & Co.)

Few novel readers will forget "Caleb Stukeley," that remarkable production, which from the first attracted attention, and established a reputation for its young and unknown author, which his subsequent fame did not belie. In reading "The Foster Brothers," we have been forcibly reminded of "Caleb Stukeley," chiefly, no doubt, from the familiar and fond acquaintance which it reveals with one of the Universities, Cambridge; but also to some extent in this, that the writer's faculty is eminently more descriptive than inventive. In "Caleb Stukeley" the pictures of university life of that day, being the phase of existence with which the writer was best acquainted, are drawn with remarkable truth and accuracy, whilst the subsequent adventures of the hero are mere romance. So the author of "The Foster Brothers" relies for effect upon a narrative of scenes he has himself witnessed at school and college—the names of the places and characters being veiled under a very thin disguise—whilst the plot of his story is designed without effect, is imperfectly carried out, and after all, unnecessary. The incident of a change of infants in the cradle, though convenient enough, is hackneyed, and all but impossible in modern days. Whether Lady Rexham knew the truth on her death-bed does not clearly appear, and when the final discovery is made what comes of it? Nothing. If the whole theory of the substitution of one child for the other were removed out of the tale, its interest would not suffer in the slightest degree, whilst it would gain in probability. The truth is, that the

scheme of the story is nothing as compared with its materials, which are, as truly described in the preface, simply a history of the school and college career of two young men, one the heir of a peer, the other the son of his coachman. Both youths have natural abilities and ornamental qualities, and in both are to be seen ambition, "*laudumque immensa cupido*." Thus the play of character, contrast of situation, and effect of different training, as finally brought out in the "fair field and no favour" of a university career are highly interesting, and are skillfully presented by the author, who displays no mean powers of observation as well as generous feeling. First, then, after the preliminary scenes of infancy through which an aristocratic physician, Sir Toby Ruffles, and a kind-hearted flighty widow, Lady Beebonnet, figure with considerable effect—not to mention the "low" people, as the Chartist nurse, who tells her gaping assistant that the splendid furniture around her has been made out of the "sweat and blood of the people" (and perhaps not so far wrong either)—the plebeian youth is despatched to a school, called Senbury. The reader has little difficulty in recognising the original, when he is told (p. 72) that the collegiate school of Senbury is one of the oldest in England, and had a chance, like Eton, of becoming a nursery garden for the aristocracy, if the provisions of "Gulielmus de Wynkyngs," the benefactor, were considerably set aside. At Senbury the friendless boy, Robert Birt, son of the coachman, is kicked, cut, burned, and frightened nearly out of his life, and runs away. It is possible but scarcely credible that the scenes here given can be a tolerably fair description of Winchester School; but the writer tells the following story, which we leave to speak for itself:

"When at last his weary feet had taken him to his bedside in the great dormitory, and he fell upon his knees, as was his childish custom, before his Heavenly Father, there burst forth a great shout of laughter; scarcely a boy in all that room but cast a sidelong at him. 'None of your sponging upon God Almighty,' roared the snob captain.

"We are not sorry if these words shock you, reader, and hurt your proper feeling; we have heard them spoken under these very circumstances with our own ears, and the date (lest you should think the wicked school times over) was 1845. We heard them—we were witness to the cruelties hereafter mentioned—at Senbury School, where we took the Latin oath (which if we broke we were expelled) not to break cathedral windows; where, if we missed chapel, or smoked, or failed to make up our tale of Latin verses, or went out of bounds, we were publicly and very indecently flogged; where many great wickednesses, however, were done without any sort of punishment. We dare not set down in this place the blasphemies, cruelties, obscenities, which are familiar to many an English schoolboy even now, which were familiar to very many more in the times we write of; it needs a Rousseau to confess them, and perhaps a nation of French people to listen to such things. They happen amongst us daily, to be sure, but we prefer not to be shocked by a recital of them; only some abomination at a military college, only some monitory thrashing, within a little of death's door, at a public school, gleams luridly upon a virtuous society here and there, to be covered up and smoothed over by all means; and, the months of Etua and Vesuvius being plugged up, 'There is no fire beneath the earth at all, parents and guardians; is there?'"

This anonymous denunciation of the discipline and morals of Winchester reminds us of Mr. Charles Reade's similarly half-disguised attack upon Mr. Justice Coleridge in his "Never too Late to Mend." That attack, the offspring of error and blind passion, was satisfactorily disposed of in the "Edinburgh Review" and elsewhere, and we certainly think that the present writer's statement deserves some equally public notice, and if possible, refutation. The charges (the above is only one) are direct, circumstantial and explicit; though brought by a nameless writer, he is one to the truth of whose descriptions in other matters we can bear most ready testimony. Where is the Wykhamite who will, if he can, remove the stain thus cast upon this ancient foundation?

The other foster brother, Mr. Adolphus Henry Plantagenet Brooks Hollis, is depicted at various small seats of learning, whence he sends home very amusing letters to his mother, containing a number of smart stories and school jokes, with the slight fault however of being told in a style too advanced for any youth, however precocious. In due course he succeeds to Winton, a thin mask for Eton, where his adventures are not marked by

any speciality. We imagine the writer never was at Eton, from the absence of the strong characteristics which identify the other scenes.

The next removal is to one of the cramming establishments upon Dimbleton (Wimbleton) Common; every touch of which is drawn from the life, including the portraits of Messrs. Hurry and Cramem; that of the former so remarkable, so truthful, and touched in so masterly a style, as to reveal pretty plainly the paying off of some old score. Does any reader recognise Mr. Hurry?

"This gentleman, as he stood to receive his visitor, was rather under than over five feet high, but if there had not been a table between them, which concealed the fact of Mr. Hurry's standing upon a footstool, he would not have seemed nearly of that altitude. His nose was three aquilines rolled into one; never had Master Hollis beheld such a nose before: those short legs seemed to have been built, and very securely built, on purpose to support that single feature; he wore, habitually, the largest slouched hats to hide it; he was constantly wrapping it up in his pocket-handkerchief, yet somehow it always looked supernaturally conspicuous and in relief. His complexion was very fair; his bright blue eyes, his dazzling teeth, his hair, which was almost white and fine as spun-glass, were faultless. The less creditable characteristics were of course the objects of his pupils' observations, and he was called by the boys—when they knew him to be well out of hearing—Tom Thumb, Nosey, and the Albino."

"Before the piercing and distrustful gaze of Henry Hurry all off-hand manners became submissive, all impudence bashful, and all deceit useless. It was not alone the roving fierceness of his eye, nor the nervous twitching of his lip, nor the scowl that darkened his fair face habitually, as with a curtain; but the concentrated expression of all these characteristics, joined to what would be in another nature irony or humour, but was, in him, a sort of low cunning and malicious fun, which bent his pupils to his will, and taught them perhaps to hate, but to obey."

The whole of the Dimbleton scenes are done with the relish of life, the practical mixture of drollery and misery, which attest the truth of the picture; but let not the reader forget that there is another side, that all teachers are not Hurrys and Wilkinesses, and that there are boys even at military schools who are neither exposed to the temptations nor guilty of the vices of Messrs. Hollis, Preston, and Legion.

From Dimbleton the next step is to Sandwich, a sort of combination of Sandhurst and Woolwich, with a strong preponderance of the latter. Out of these scenes we extract the following, the most remarkable, perhaps, for its vigour, throughout this most remarkable book. The actors are two Sandwich cadets. After some preliminary passages:

"What happened for the next few minutes Hollis could not tell, his tormentors having incessantly produced insensibility even to pain by their head-blows; but when he recovered his senses, he found himself in that dark courtyard still, and with Hanborough only: he made himself quite sure of this, cautiously looking around him as he lay upon the stones, and then leapt up to the swinging door and fastened it with the speed of lightning. Bruises, and broken bones themselves, were clean forgotten and unfelt in that fierce moment; murder, and nothing less, was in the young man's heart, and the other read it in his flaming eyes, and trembled. Hanborough was taller and older than Hollis, and he had the wicket stump besides, but the Hon. Plantagenet Brooks went in at him without an instant's hesitation, receiving but one blow, which indeed would, at any other time, have felled him, but which he regarded then no more than the brush of a feather. Down, bully, down, and underneath, with your cruel head full upon the stones, and the knee of the avenger upon your chest. Lucky for your miserable life that you have a military stock on, or you would surely lose it now, with those mad fingers clutching at your throat, and the skill with which vengeance has endowed them for strangling vermin. There is an immense pleasure in having the upper hand, old cadet Hanborough, doubtless; but when the neux has got it, is that that a different thing? There is a great temptation, as we monitors confess, to go on thrashing a fellow when one has begun to do it; but when a last-jointed is the thrasher, what do we monitors, or cadet corporals, think of it then? Young Hollis, who was naturally a good-tempered young gentleman, having found his endeavours to asphyxiate his enemy unavailing, actually took up the almost inanimate form by its legs, and dashed its head against the stone walls—once, twice, thrice. There was a great deal of blood, and something that looked very like brains, upon the pavement, when Hollis took his way back again through the long stone passage, whistling; he had, as he fully believed, murdered one of his fellow-creatures, and he was pleased at it. What an awful fiend had entered into that young heart when the last half hour!"

"The system of 'wholesale bullying' has certainly this drawback, of not being universally and unexceptionally beneficial, and even in some particular cases of being pernicious; it may break a lad's high spirit, it is true, but against that advantage one must set this other effect, that it sometimes changes his spirit to that of the devil himself."



We need hardly say there are softer scenes than these; Robert Birt's love affair, for example, and the interviews between Lady Rexham and her son, but they are all more or less melancholy or forbidding until the author brings his heroes up to Camford. This term is not like Mr. Thackeray's Oxbridge, which was a most impartial generalisation of both universities. In the present instance, Camford=Cambridge, and Cambridge only, for all values of the variable quantities. St. Boniface in "Pendennis" was a resultant of both Christ-church and Trinity, but our author's St. Boniface will match the royal and religious foundation of Trinity College, Cambridge, and that alone. The lime-walk, the paddock, with the stout pony impounded therein, remarkable for his colour, "black wafers stuck disorderly upon a white ground;" the river flowing blithely in the sunshine under the many bridges, laden with a slow moving barge or two, strewn with skiffs, mathematical papers, and some swans; the adjoining St. Boniface's Hall, the old red rival of St. Boniface, prolific in mathematicians; Stone Hall, with its apron of trim gardens—designate no other spot than one. Through the long and merry chapters which follow, where the geniality of the author's spirits and his unusual store of old and new college jests are poured forth in profusion, we cannot follow him. Suffice it to say, that the old Cambridge man, and especially the old Trinity man, will recognise deep familiar touches, which as being *caviare* to the multitude, and like Pindar's strains resonant only to the initiated, will afford him infinite delight.

We are certainly puzzled as to the author's *floruit* at the University. He remembers "Mr. Swaysive" and the "Rev. Swete Smylor," whose names it would be impertinent to translate to the world, and yet he talks of Penner's (Fenner's) Cricket-ground, which did not come into existence till after these celebrities had left the University. He must be a resident fellow.

The following story also is usually attributed by Cambridge men to a very recent author: though we have some doubt as to whether it is not of old invention.

"Mr. Hollis, in his second year, was weak enough to take his friend Legion to one of the congregations of this society (the Flexionists), when the topic under discussion was the Athanasian Creed. Incessant Flexion himself, in a buttonless waistcoat and M. B. coat, was monotonizing to the company his 'views' upon this occasion. He said that the Creed divided itself into sixteen heads, and he went remorselessly through every one of them.

"Preston asked for tobacco, which was refused him, and then took resolutely (for it was an Eve) to beer. When the chairman at length sat down, the guest rose, although with difficulty, and with his views decidedly indistinct.

"'Question,' said he (meaning 'the question,' but he was in a state beyond definite articles), 'question seems to me—resolve itself—two heads. 1st. If it's true I'll be d—d; and 2dly. I'll be d—d if it's true.'

"This unfortunate antithetical opinion of his friend caused Mr. Hollis's name to be erased from the list of this association altogether."

The reply must be allowed to be "coarse but not unhappy," as Lord Brougham says somewhere of a similar anecdote of Wilkes.

Enough has been said and extracted to show the peculiarities and merits of the "Foster Brothers," a book which, if we mistake not, introduces a new and certainly a most able hand into the fraternity of the authors of fiction.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Continental Europe from 1792 to 1859.* By J. W. King. (Knight & Son.) Is a sketch of the principal events of European history between these dates. This well-timed little volume will be found very interesting at the present moment, especially those chapters which narrate the Italian campaign of the first Napoleon, and the crusade against the Austrians of 1848.

*A Sermon preached in Trinity Church, Gray's Inn Road, to the Children of the Parochial Schools.* By the Rev. J. W. Worthington, D.D., President of Sion College. (G. J. Palmer.) This is a plain and simple discourse, adapted to the occasion on which it was preached, and inculcating the children's moral and religious duties through the studies they pursue at their schools.

*The Two Vocations; or, The Sisters of Mercy Ashore.* (Nisbet.) A curiously flimsy tale, displaying at rare intervals passages of such extraordinary merit as to render it a matter of speculation how the vast bulk of the book came to be so commonplace. It is not very easy to see how the title is made out. If we have read the book with the author's view, we gather that a fancy for becoming a Moravian sister is by one of the heroines gradually exchanged for the more material notion of turning wife and mother. So much for the first half of the title; the other half seems a feeble pun. On the whole it strikes us as about the most unsatisfactory little volume we have read this season. By way of specimen we quote the following sententious remark, which is put into the mouth of the pet heroine: "I wonder if it is morning anywhere in the church just now. To me it seems to be all midday or bed-time, petty conflict and traffic, with din and dust, or else a quiet and orderly sleepiness, only fretful if disturbed."

*A Few Words of Advice to the Mariners of England.* (Bradbury & Evans.) This is a small tract of twelve pages, the object of which is to point out to the seaman the advantages offered by the Royal Navy over the merchant service. The tract is intended for gratuitous distribution in our seaport towns; and the introduction states that it has been found useful on a former occasion, and has now been re-written so as to embrace the new regulations. We wish it heartily success. At a time like this when the efficiency of our national defences and especially the manning of the navy is of vital importance, every effort, however humble, in such a laudable direction must be hailed with approbation.

*Willich's Popular Tables of the Value of Life-hold, Leasehold, and Church Property.* 4th Edition. (Longmans.) Besides a number of tables indispensable to all who devote their attention to finance and life assurance, the present volume contains others of great utility in various departments of natural science.

*Goethe's Faust: with Critical and Explanatory Notes.* By G. G. Zeriffi, Ph. D. (Simpkin & Marshall.) We may confidently state that there exists neither in Germany nor England any edition of "Faust" so well adapted as this for the study of Goethe's great work. The aim of the notes has been to explain in a pure and Christian spirit Goethe's intention in writing "Faust," and to dispel any misgivings about the tendency of the book.

*Le Follet, Journal du Grand Monde, Fashion, Polite Literature, Beaux Arts, &c.* The number for July contains four excellent engravings of fashions for the ensuing month, three of which are coloured; also descriptions of the plates, and the usual quantity of poetry and amusing literature.

*Old Faces in New Masks.* By Robert Blakey, Ph.D., Author of a 'History of the Philosophy of Mind.' (Kent & Co.) Dr. Blakey is always a pleasant, usually a witty, and unquestionably a learned writer. We are pleased to see these papers collected, and, with a few equally good original essays, formed into a graceful and elegant volume.

*Essays on the Church.* By a Layman. Seventh Edition. (Seeleys.) This book made a great sensation when it first appeared: that it has passed into a seventh edition, is a proof that its influence has increased rather than decreased.

*The War in Italy, and all about it.* By J. H. Stoequeler. (Lea.) The best account which we have yet seen, condensed into a very small space.

*Dips into Literature.* A collection of questions selected from history, science, poetry, and divinity, for the benefit of youth.

*Reid's Mental Arithmetic.* The author of this little work invites particular attention to the chapter on decimal currency.

#### SMALL VOLUMES OF POETRY.

*Judith and other Poems.* By Francis Mills, M.R.C.S.L. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.) Teeming with gorgeous imagery, in some instances

carried to such an excess as to render it a fault. The subject of the principal poem, the Lady Judith, is perhaps somewhat too fanciful; but through this, and many of the shorter pieces, there is an uninterrupted flow of graceful language.

*Some Verse and Prose about National Rifle-Clubs.* From the Author of "Proverbial Philosophy." (Routledge.) We do not join in the ridicule that some of our co-temporaries throw on Martin Tupper. His "Proverbial Philosophy" has not gone through five-and-twenty editions for nothing. Many have been made better as well as wiser by it, and when he speaks of rifle-clubs, he is both wise and eloquent.

*Joan of Arc, and other Poems.* By Baunoré Berthier. (J. F. Hope.) There is a lamentable want of vigour in the manner in which the subjects are treated. Why is it published at all?

*Fireside Melodies. A Love Dream, &c.* By Sylvan, author of "The Spirit of Home," &c. A poem. (Charles Westerton.) A book of Lyrics. The style is light and pleasing, and there is a certain gracefulness pervading the whole, but altogether without originality.

*Job. A Dramatic Poem.* By Edward Henry Pember, M.A., author of "The Maid of Messene," &c. (Longman, Brown, & Co.) This volume betokens powers of imagination of a very high order. Many passages are striking and vigorous.

*Hamlet.* (Routledge.) A cheap edition of one of the best works of the immortal bard, in a popular form. The glossarial, grammatical, and explanatory notes are copious and clear, and will be of incalculable value to many to whom the obsolete orthography of Shakspeare is a dead letter.

*Nineveh, and other Poems.* By Edward George Kent. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) Some good thoughts in very fair language, but indicative of inexperience.

*A Plea for the Poor Man's Holiday; a Poem.* By M. A. H. (Houlston & Wright.) An attempt to make the problem of the elevation of the masses, and the extinction of a large amount of pauperism and crime. The author seems to imagine that the abrogation of the fourth commandment offers the only means of effecting this desirable object.

*Poems.* By Eldred. (W. Kent & Co., late D. Bogue.) These poems are by a young poet, who states in his preface that he is not ashamed of them. He need not be so. The volume contains some good poetry.

*The Poetical Works of Eliza Cook.* Illustrated. (Routledge.) A well printed and prettily illustrated edition of a writer whose works deserve to be ranked with those of Dr. Mackay.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

"The Irrationale of Speech," opens *Fraser* this month; it is a paper suggested by Mr. Hunt's works on the cure of stammering. An article "In Memoriam" on Alexander Von Humboldt, pays a noble and splendid tribute to the grandeur of that dead and great man; "Holmby House" is continued; an article on "Egyptian and Sacred Chronology" will be read with interest by many; but decidedly the paper which will attract most attention will be "Notes on the National Drama of Spain," by Mr. J. R. Chorley: the praise Mr. Chorley yields to Lope de Vega is immense. An article on "War in General, and Modern French Wars in Particular," is very seasonable; "Thoughts on Modern English Literature" is but a *réchauffé*.

The crusade against Lord Macaulay is continued again this month in *Blackwood*, on the foundation of the massacre of Glencoe. The writer certainly makes out a better case than he did, when endeavouring to show Marlborough perfect. A tale entitled "The Lifted Veil" is two chapters of horrors. The writer prophesies that on the 20th of September, 1859, he shall die of *angina pectoris*, and having an intervening month, he writes the "Lifted Veil," wherein is a perfect

shower of such expressions as "mad," "idiot," "poison," "death." The tale ends on the 20th, &c., and in the writer's death. It is an odiously unhealthy tale. "The Luck of Ladysmede" is very pleasantly continued. "Dr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures" will be found interesting; while the article "Sentimental Physiology" is founded on Michelet's "Art of Love," and is good, if discursive, reading. A paper on Miss Austen's novels of course includes Scott's high criticism of this neglected lady's works, while the tendency of the concluding article is sufficiently shown in its title, "The Change of Ministry—What next?"

*Bentley's Quarterly Review.* (Richard Bentley.) The part for July contains several very able papers on subjects of interest, but we consider the writer of the article on "Popular Preachers" has altogether transgressed the bounds of due criticism, in his strictures on the Revs. J. C. M. Belieu and C. H. Spurgeon, especially the former. Indeed, he often approaches absolute profanity in his remarks on Mr. Belieu's sermons, and goes so far as to insinuate insincerity in their author.

The *Eclectic* opens with "Roman Catholicism in Great Britain and Ireland," the tone of the article being sufficiently evident in one of the first few lines—"Idolatry has reached its perfect development in the Papacy;" the writer admits the advance of popery in this land since 1829, pointing out that in the year named the number of Roman ecclesiastics in Great Britain was 477; while in 1858, the number was 1222. He surveys the Popish machinery with alarm, and in conclusion believes, that the papists as a body demand the Queen's sovereignty for the Pope, and Magna Charta, that they may convert it into a bonfire. The "Roman Question" is very closely considered in the second paper of this magazine, of course tinged with the ideas of which the *Eclectic* is the medium. "Human Caloric" is startling, as the writer urges, apologising for the declaration, that every man is a walking fireplace. The paper is pleasant, but offers no new doctrines on human heat, nor doubts about existing theories. "A Gossip about Edinburgh" is pleasant, but far from so delightful as the ingenious and thoroughly English writing in "Town and Forest." The writer of the paper, "Degeneration," surely takes a strange view. What possible evidence is there that at this day civilised man is either intellectually or physically degenerating?

*Titan* opens with a jocosely threadbare paper on "The Land of Pots;" in a paper on Douglas Jerrold, calls him and his school "wise fools," and predicts the downfall of *Punch*! "Getting On" is very doleful. There are several good tales in the number.

The *Universal Review*, one of the best serials of our day, damns with faint praise "What will he do with it?" This review has a most interesting paper on the Cornish drama; while "Illogical Geology" only goes to prove how utterly this vast science is in its childhood.

The *Westminster Review* is of great value; it leads off with an article, "What Knowledge is of most Worth?" It will be found interesting even by those who cannot subscribe the writer's opinions. One of the most genial of the reviews is that of the "Autobiography of Robert Houdin." It is written in a charming narrative form. "The Government of India" is a deeply studied article. Of course About's "Roman Question" is very seriously considered.

The *Englishwoman's Journal* is as practical and earnest as ever, especially so in an article on "Woman's Work in Sanitary Reform," wherein a knowledge of physiology as one of woman's acquisitions is urged, and the absurd opinion that the study is indelicate, condemned.

We have to welcome a new French review of great ability, the *Revue Indépendante*. It is under the literary directorship of M. Masson of Harrow School, and is published by Jeffs. The review opens with papers on the recent French loan, and on the Liberal party in France.

"Hopes and Fears," by the author of "The

Heir of Redclyffe," makes the *Constitutional Press* welcome to many; but the review is terribly trenchant, and overflowing with party spirit.

*Kingsley's Magazine for Boys* is as healthy and good in tone as it is possible to be.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* is chiefly remarkable for a paper entitled, "The Most Interesting Part of History—Manners and Customs."

Mr. Charles Knight's *Cyclopædia* progresses admirably; while standing out boldly from the month's mass of periodicals is the Rev. J. G. Wood's *Natural History*,—a work of which it is difficult to speak in terms of too high praise.

✕ The *Virginians* for July is very attractive, containing plenty of wit, satire, and good sense.

The first number of *Plain, or Ringlets?* by the author of *Ask Mamma*, is now before us. The writing is very lively; the plot of the story is seen in the very title; and Mr. Leech is, if possible, more successful than ever in the illustrations.

Thiers' *French Revolution* is being brought out in sixpenny parts by Mr. Bentley. The second is before us. This publisher is also following in the wake of Messrs. Blackwood, by reproducing the tales in *Bentley's Magazine*, and in sixpenny numbers. The first contains four tales, leading with "Terence O'Shaughnessy's First Attempt to get Married."

We have received the following:—Sixth part of "Byron's Poetical Works" (Murray); Fifth part of "Boswell's Johnson" (Murray); Third part of "Chambers' Encyclopædia"; fourth part of "Moore's Works" (Longman); Part IV. of "*La bella Balia, par la Comtesse Marie Montemerti*," a French tale, publishing in parts (Jeffs). Fifteenth Part of Houlston & Wright's "Wild Flowers." The *Assurance Magazine* for July—carefully statistical. "A Guide to the Food Collection in the South Kensington Museum," by Dr. Edwin Lankester—a very carefully prepared book, as the name of the author would almost of itself prove. The *Church of England Review*, containing "A Theory of pre-Raphaelism. The Monthly Christian Spectator, with a leader on the "Advantages and Dangers of a Religious Life in London." The *Congregational Pulpit*, which does not rise above its usual standard. "Moore's National Aids," Part II., very clearly and beautifully printed.

#### MONTHLY CAUSERIES ON FRENCH BOOKS.

EVERY now and then we stumble over some incident, or some name, which takes us away from the present, and brings before our mind one of the departed notabilities of French literature. The other day, whilst examining the last number of the *Revue Anecdote*, we could not help thinking of that celebrated *recueil*, the "*Mémoires Secrets*," in which Bachaumont has strung together so many amusing anecdotes about the eighteenth century. Just now, it is Fréron whom our thoughts revert to, as we take up M. Vapereau's new volume, "*L'Année Littéraire et Dramatique*." Poor Fréron! What a battle he had to fight against Voltaire! What a penalty he had to pay for questioning the opinions of the *patriarche de Ferney*. If it is true that abuse and bad language generally betray a cause which is not worth upholding, never was there a man so thoroughly wrong as Voltaire. Fréron is dead, however; his "*Année Littéraire*" has long since been forgotten, and the work now published under the same title will raise no storm likely to trouble M. Vapereau's peace. We do not mean to say—far from it—that any book, in order to deserve and obtain success, should act as a firebrand; the new "*Année Littéraire*" would be a proof of the contrary, for it is written in a very quiet spirit, whilst we consider it at the same time as one of the best critical *recueils* which have appeared since the days of Leclerc and Bayle. It goes through the principal productions of the French press during the year just elapsed, discusses them carefully, and by the help of choice extracts enables the reader to form a complete idea of them

all. Poetry, novels, the drama, the various branches of history, philosophy, and aesthetics,—such are the principal headings under which the subjects are classified, and the volume concludes with a chronicle of the leading facts connected with the literary history of 1858. The "*Année Littéraire*" forms an invaluable complement to M. Figuiet's "*Année Scientifique*,"\* now in the third year of its publication, and some time hence both series will be usefully consulted by those who wish to become acquainted with the intellectual progress of our epoch.

In taking up M. Rigault's "*Œuvres Complètes*,"† we do not quit the field of periodical criticism. One of the most distinguished professors of the University of France, afterwards tutor in the family of the Duke d'Aumale, and finally a *rédauteur* of the *Journal des Débats*, M. Rigault left behind him at his death the reputation of an elegant critic, a conscientious judge, and an accomplished writer. M. Ary Scheffer, De Tocqueville, and Rigault have been, as we deem, prematurely cut off from a career of usefulness and influence, whilst men such as M. Granier de Cassagnac, M. Capéfigue, and M. Véron will remain amongst us, disgracing the title of men of letters, and degrading their pen to serve the transitory interests and passions of the day. Our regrets are no doubt very short-sighted, but we cannot restrain them; and in reading the essays of M. Rigault, we easily imagine how keenly his loss must have been felt by his *collaborateurs* of the *Débats*.

The first volume of the publication we are now noticing is the reprint of a work which excited doubly the attention of the *littérati* when it first appeared. The "*Histoire de la Querelle des Anciens et des Modernes*" was M. Rigault's academic disquisition for the Doctor's degree. Presented to the Sorbonne in 1856, it gave rise to one of the most brilliant intellectual jousts ever remembered; and the ease, the spirit, the learning with which the young candidate maintained his opinion against the objections of the board of examiners, the *finesse* of his criticism and the accuracy of his appreciations, were universally remarked. The famous Sorbonne disputations, so important in days gone by, seemed to have recovered their pristine lustre, and many a person present at the solemnity was already anticipating for M. Rigault the inheritance of those glorious triumphs which opened to MM. Guizot, Cousin, and Villain the career of public life. There is, of course, some allowance to be made generally for the excitement of a discussion held *coram populo*; we know very well that many a work loses when read in the retirement of the closet a great proportion of the advantages which it borrowed from the sympathy of an eager audience; but this test is accordingly all the more valuable when applied to productions whose ambition it is to obtain more than the transient success of a day's popularity. Now, M. Rigault's work falls precisely under this category; it is a book of really classical merit, and which is well worth an attentive perusal.

The question of the relative position of the ancients and moderns is by no means a new one. Speaking of the coquetry of ladies, a contemporary writer says that it is *plus ancienne que le monde*; without going quite so far back in the limbo of ages, we can assert that the theme examined by M. Rigault is contemporaneous with the beginning of literature itself. It is a law of human nature that old people will always look back wistfully to the past, whilst the young will as constantly find fresh arguments to maintain the superiority of their own times. Thus in literature there is also the party of progress and the coterie of conservatism. We shall perhaps be deemed very slow by some of our readers, when they hear us maintain that the contempt for tradition has never in literature led to any remarkable results. We do not deny that amongst the tribe of novators may be found, and have been found, several men of great genius or of extensive learning. Lamotte

\* "*L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle*." Par Louis Figuiet. 1856-58. 12mo. 3 vols. (Paris: Hachette.)

† "*Œuvres Complètes de H. Rigault, précédées d'une Notice Biographique et Littéraire*," par M. Saint Marc Girardin. 8vo. 4 vols. (Paris: Hachette.)

\* "*L'Année Littéraire et Dramatique*." Par G. Vapereau. 1<sup>re</sup> Année (1858). 12mo. (Paris: Hachette.)



was certainly better than a mere dealer in paradoxes; Victor Hugo is the first French poet of the nineteenth century; but, on the other hand, we have as a set-off, scribblers such as Pradon, Subigny, and Coras. The subject treated by M. Rigault is a very interesting one; it afforded full scope for a gallery of literary portraits, and those which are exhibited in the book are extremely well done.

Amongst the numerous articles collected together in the remaining volumes, it would be rather difficult to make a selection, equally valuable as they all are, both as compositions and also as specimens of idiomatic French. We have, however, remarked, perhaps in consequence of the subjects touched upon, M. Rigault's essays on contemporary Jesuit literature, and on the famous, or rather infamous, novels of MM. Feydeau and Barbey d'Aurevilly. Between the sickly effusions written à propos of the Immaculate Conception and the sketches of *demi-monde* society, the connection is closer than one would at first be inclined to suppose. When the imagination is allowed to wander at its own discretion, it is often found haunting strange localities; and the result will be what M. Rigault calls: "*Un scandaleux mélange de religiosité et d'érotisme; des génuflexions pieuses devant la madone, au sortir d'un récit gracieux.*" Those of our readers who know anything of the history of the sixteenth century will remember how strictly this characteristic applies to the court of the Louvre, during the reign of Catherine de Medici; the France of our own time being now, *catholiquement parlant*, in the same condition as it was three hundred years ago, we cannot feel astonished at seeing Bonaventure des Periers revive (minus his wit, however,) in M. d'Aurevilly.

But we must not forget that it is M. Rigault whom we are discussing, and not the stupid and immoral productions of some fashionable writers. If there were more journalists of his kind amongst us, the literary world would not be invaded as it is by men incapable of wielding the pen, and critics would understand that all the ingenuity with which they are gifted, "*Ne saurait donner la gloire à un mauvais ouvrage, ni l'éclat à un bon. Elle n'a ni le pouvoir de faire de faux grands hommes, ni celui de défaire les vrais.*"

The Introduction to the excellent work just considered is from the pen of M. Saint Marc Girardin, himself a journalist, a member of the French university, and a man thoroughly capable of doing full justice to his late confrère. This kind of biographical preface is the noblest funeral oration that could have been pronounced over the tomb of M. Rigault.

M. Scudo,\* like the two gentlemen whose works have just been reviewed, is a critic, but instead of dissenting books, he cuts up crochets, quavers, and semi-quavers. "Strange," exclaimed Swift, "that there should such difference be, 'twixt twiddle-deum and twiddle-dee!" *Corpo di Bacco!* You must not profess this musical scepticism within hearing of M. Scudo, the musical Aristarchus of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. You must not venture upon a reiteration of Charles Lamb's heterodox idea, that—

The devil, with his foot so cloven,  
For aught I care may take Beethoven.

M. Scudo has very decided theories on music in general, and musical schools. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mozart, and Beethoven are his favourite composers; whilst for the operas of Verdi, and the romantic nonsense of *Herren Wagner* and Schumann he feels an unconquerable dislike. We know that *de gustibus non est disputandum*, and therefore we are quite prepared to acknowledge that some persons may find unknown beauties in both *La Traviata* and *Tannhäuser*; but such is not M. Scudo's opinion. We are bound, at the same time, to say that if he passes his verdicts in a decided manner, he never calls abuse in support of them. His reading, too, is far from being confined to subjects immediately bearing upon music; we can discover in his *complex-rendus* the feeling of a true poet, as well as the critical acumen of a virtuoso; his style is extremely animated, and the

biographical and historical details which he places before us give to the whole work a permanent interest. This is the second volume of M. Scudo's essays; we are, besides, indebted to the same gentleman for a very interesting history of the musician Sarti, a history which, like the critiques before alluded to, appeared originally in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Our article, this month, being entirely taken up by "strictures on strictures," we cannot do better than notice, in conclusion, another curious *recueil* of literary essays, namely, the "*Paradoxes Littéraires*"† of Lamotte-Houdard, a new edition of which has just been published by M. Jullien. Many persons will deem it singular that such a reprint should, in the present day, be called for, as the phrase is; but Lamotte occupies, in spite of his extravagant ideas, a distinguished place in the history of literature; and throughout his essays there are scattered a great number of appreciations really remarkable for their correctness and their truth. Besides, his critiques were always put in a gentlemanly form, and free from those scurrilities which his adversaries too often indulged in.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Beast and his Image; or, the Coming Crisis, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Beecher (H. W.), Pleasant Talk about Fruit, Flowers, and Farming, 12mo. 5s. 6d.  
Beecher (H. W.), Summer in the Soul; or, Views and Experiences, 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
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De Staël's Corinne; or, Italy, new ed. 12mo. 2s.  
Donaldson (J. W.), New Cratylus; or, Contributions to Knowledge of Greek Language, 3rd ed. 8vo. 20s.  
Durocher (M. J.), Essay on Comparative Pterology, Vol. 2, 1857, 1s.  
Fairbairn (T. W.), Tobacco, its History and Associations, post 8vo. 9s.  
Field (J.), Vetus Testamentum Græce, royal 8vo. 21s.  
Fornlight's Ramble through some of the Counties of England, 12mo. 1s.  
Geologist (The) for 1858, 8vo. 14s. 6d.  
Gregg (D. T.), Suggestions as to the Employment of a Novum Organum, Organum Moriam, 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Helen Lindsay; or, Trial of Faith, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.  
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Jerrold (D.), Wit and Opinions, by his Son, 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
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Keith (A.), Refutation of Rev. A. P. Stanley's Poetical Interpretation of Scripture, 8vo. 1s.  
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Munro (R.), Harmony of Four Evangelists, new ed. 18mo. 1s. and 1s. 6d.  
Moore's Irish Melodies, Symphonies by Montgomery, Part 2, 4to. 1s.  
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Newth (S.), Mathematical Examples, 1 vol. post 8vo. 8s. 6d.  
Our Farm of Four Acres, 4th ed. 12mo. 2s.  
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Punch, Vol. 36, 4to. 8s. 6d.  
Railway Library: Dumas (A.), Half-Brothers, new ed. 12mo. 1s.  
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Statutes 22 Victoria, 1859 (Pickering's), 8vo. 5s.  
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Three Sermons on the Atonement, Preface by Vaughan, 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Townsend (C. W.), The Three Gates, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
White (H.), Guide to Government Appointments, 3rd ed. post 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
Whitmore (W.), Gilbert Marlowe, and other Poems, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Wright (Mrs.), Anchor of Hope; or, New Test Lessons for Children, 16mo. 1s.  
Wyatt (H. H.), Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship, 18mo. 1s.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—During the week ending July 2, 1859, the visitors have been as follows:—Morning, 5021; Evening, 2226; Total, 7247. From the opening of the Museum, 967,119.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Return of admissions for six days ending Friday, July 1st, 1859, 37,162.

\* "Le Chevalier Sarti; roman musical." Par P. Scudo. 12mo. (Paris: Hachette.)

† "Les Paradoxes Littéraires de Lamotte." Réunis et annotés par B. Jullien. 8vo. (Paris: Hachette.)

#### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE have received a very interesting communication touching the vexed question of the authorship of "Adam Bede." It may be remembered that an opinion has been widely expressed that this work, and the "Scenes from Clerical Life," are a joint production of author and authoress. Our correspondent subscribes to this belief, adding that he is absolutely convinced that the authors are William and Mary Howitt. He believes the internal evidence in favour of this proposition to be irrefragable. In the first place, the whole style is William Howitt's. A character similar to that of Mrs. Poyser's appeared a few years ago amongst some sketches of his in *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*. In his novel of "Madame Dorrington of the Dene," published in 1851, the dialect throughout, and one or more religious exhortations, have the same formula as in "Adam Bede," and the name of Hetty occurs; whilst no one who is acquainted with the "Rural Life in England," the "Book of the Seasons," the "Year-Book of the Country," can mistake whose hand sketched those natural descriptions of country life, country scenery, the seasons, and their flowers. None better than William Howitt could draw the phases of bygone Methodism; and to those who know and recollect these unmistakable idiosyncrasies, the mysterious "Liggins" at once resolves himself into William Howitt. In the second place, the scene is laid in or near Derbyshire, a county well known to the Howitts; in the third, those delightful passages in which children are made to speak, which give such a charm to "Adam Bede," are the very reflection of Mary Howitt's writings; fourthly, lastly, and most convincing, the spiritualism of the character of Dinah, and the intimation of an actual spiritual presence, that may be found in its place in the work, go to support the belief that the Howitts, who have yielded to a faith in modern spiritualism, are the actual authors of "Adam Bede." To this argument one grand objection may be taken—if "Adam Bede" is the work of William and Mary Howitt, why do they not avow it? It would confer literary honours on them such as even they never yet possessed; and assuredly such an avowal would, if possible, aid the sale of the work. Hence, then, we are disinclined to accept as certain our correspondent's opinion, nor will Mr. and Mrs. Howitt be angry with us for this statement. Good authors are good friends, and the public have a right to seek out their good friends.

In many respects the annual distribution of prizes at University College on Saturday was most distinguished and gratifying. That grand pioneer of national progress, Lord Brougham, was there, philosophical and practical as ever, and supported by Lord Palmerston, who despite the cares of state had consented to act as president. An interchange of mutual and pardonable compliment passed between the two celebrated men as they both expatiated on the power of learning and mental discipline, the two lords standing before the prizemen noble examples of successful will and energy. Lord Palmerston was extremely buoyant and genial, as though determined to show no extent of business can overweigh his spirits. For three hours he continued at his self-imposed duties, with a smile and a pleasant word for each prizeman as he came up. In his address his lordship spoke felicitously of the catholicism of the College, contrasting it with the theological bondage of higher education previous to the foundation of the University. In illustration of this liberality it may be stated that Jewish students have always been especially successful, and as a recognition of this the Jewish friends of the College have presented 1000*l.* for the foundation of a scholarship. But the most noticeable feature of this address was Lord Palmerston's direct approbation of competitive examination.

The Association for Promoting the general welfare of the Blind is making noble exertions to bring the claims of the blind before the public—claims, because the blind are so completely set apart in this world. There are no fewer than

\* "Critique et Littérature Musicales." Par P. Scudo. 2de série, 12mo. (Paris: Hachette.)

30,000 blind men and women in this British land, and the aspiration of the Society is to raise this large number to the dignity of gaining daily bread. Immense difficulties have ever hindered the accomplishment of this splendid idea, not the least of which are competition with seeing handicraft men, and the advanced age of the majority of blind mechanics, for blindness falls on us in nine cases out of ten after the age of manhood. It has been the practice hitherto to admit no pupils to the blind schools who are of age—but this disadvantage, it is to be hoped, will soon be forgotten. The Association seeks to guarantee to each blind workman a certain and sufficient amount of weekly employment, but we fear, till a special work is found for the blind—some work new, attractive, cheap, and yet valuable, the impediment of competition will continue to stay the hopes of the Society. Of course, waiting any industrial success, the Association will gladly accept donations. Nor has the amusement of the blind been forgotten. It is intended to form a museum of objects which will bear touching, and indeed might we suggest that the expense of a "blind man's" edition of some of the earnest simple stories of good English authors would be amply compensated in the eager interest the poor blind would feel in its perusal—we see their sightless faces almost lighting up as the teaching finger moves over the beneficent page. And it would be an intellectual exercise which can never be equalled by listening to the reading aloud of a reader who is blessed with sight.

An unhappy man named Verry, has just been executed in France, for the murder of his fellow-servant, Marguerite Lacoite. It appears that his object was simply to get the poor woman out of the way, that he might rob his master and mistress. During his trial, and after his conviction, his conduct was such as to give considerable doubts as to his sanity. We are not entitled to tax the French jury with a verdict contrary to justice, but we feel absolutely certain that the poor wretch would have been considered a maniac in England. He had acted with incredible stupidity throughout the whole transaction, and when he was actually under trial for the crime, he seems to have had nothing so much at heart as to recommend certain dramas which he had witnessed; and he exhorted judges, witnesses, and others, not to lose the opportunity of seeing them as soon as possible. He continued the same course, even to the moment of his death, and the knife of the guillotine fell while he was exclaiming—"Go and see the *Courier de Lyons*." It is lamentable, indeed, to see such a case, scarcely less lamentable to note the comments which have been made on it. Some, and they seem to have been a very numerous class, assert, not that the man was mad,—this would have been intelligible enough, but would have answered no party purpose—but that his mind had become perverted by theatrical amusements, and that his case was but one more to prove that the theatre is the house of Satan. No hobby is so much to be pitied as a religious hobby, for none is ever ridden so hard and so unreasonably.

An earnest appeal is being made to the public by Mrs. Jane Power, widowed mother of the late Assistant-Surgeon Richard Power, who went through the whole of the Crimean struggle, the effects of over-exertion during that time having led to his death. He is chiefly to be remembered for having saved the lives of twenty-five men at Alma, who must otherwise have been lost. He was the sole support of his mother, and now, poor indeed, she seeks for a little comfort from the public.

Captain Toovey of the Mercantile Marine deserves great praise for his disinterestedness in refraining from patenting an ingenious and exceedingly useful invention for ascertaining the true variation of the compass, and we should be glad to see a similar spirit more frequently manifested by inventors. The apparatus in question (which is now on view at Messrs. Imray's in the Minories) consists of a dial having two concentric circles engraved on it with quadrants and eight

points of the compass on each circle. The centre of the dial is furnished with a gnomon, to which is affixed an index capable of being moved round the dial which is used to indicate the direction of the ship's course. The dial is also fitted with a moveable sight, for ascertaining the bearings of any object whose position it may be desirable to observe. The instrument may be placed horizontally in any convenient part of the ship. The sun's bearings being taken the shadow cast by the gnomon exactly indicates the angle of variation, which can be easily read off from either of the circles.

On Thursday Evening the Architectural Society held a *Conversazione* at the South Kensington Museum under the presidency of Mr. Beresford Hope. The rooms were crowded, and the guests seemed well pleased alike with the permanent attractions, and those specially provided for the evening.

The controversy about Collier's Shakespeare is only just beginning. Mr. Collier defends himself, and demands investigation. We have probably before us as pretty a literary dispute as any that the world has seen since the time of Dr. Bentley.

MR. GYE AND SIGNOR GRAZIANI.—This contest has terminated as all interested in musical matters foresaw it must do. Nothing could have been more clear from the first than that Mr. Gye was not only substantially in the right, but right also on all points, and Signor Graziani does not come out of *imbroglio* in a very creditable manner. We do not care to apportion very accurately how much of the blame belongs to the manager, and how much to the vocalist. The former has covered himself with glory: he may now supersede a well-known line of Chaucer, and in a certain style of French composition will no longer be known as

The schol of Stratford-att-Bow;

but

The school of Smith of Drury Lane.

One word about the requirements of the London public: we must have one Italian opera; we much question whether two can be adequately supported. At all events, more is necessary besides good singers and good dancers, and these other requisites Mr. Gye has at great pains and cost secured. The public owe much to him; and we shall be glad to hear that his management, which has been hitherto a brilliant success in everything else, has been equally successful in a financial point of view. As to old Drury—when—oh! when?—shall the regular drama be restored to its rightful empire?

FLOATING COLLEGE.—The idea of a British Floating College for naval instruction and marine engineering is a good one. Nothing of the kind has yet existed, and the project of such a seminary, where the duties of a marine engineer and thorough seaman are practically imparted, is almost invaluable as a precedent for commercial and maritime England to follow. Captain Robinson is the projector, and in his prospectus he lays great stress on the fact that the college will be under government inspection. The frigate will carry a chaplain and surgeon. The "Branch Ashore" of this college, situated at Folkestone, is also under similar supervision, and is at all times open to the public.

LORD CHELMSFORD AND MRS. SWINFEN.—It is out of our province to enter at any length into the important question which has just been decided between these litigants. One thing is clear, that such a case will hardly occur again. We notice the trial here only to express our unmeasured disgust at the manner in which Lord Chelmsford, Sir C. Cresswell, and several other distinguished lawyers were treated by the plaintiff's counsel. If Mr. Kennedy is to be tolerated in taxing in no very roundabout way, with perjury and judicial malpractices men such as these, whose characters stand among the highest and purest in the land—there can certainly be no limit set to the forensic insolences of Mr. Browbeat and Mr. Serjeant Bullyrag, towards individuals of less exalted position, and in cases of

less general importance. There ought to be a general expression both of feeling and opinion on the part of the bar on this subject, and we can hardly imagine a better opportunity than the present.

BISHOP MALTBY.—The aged and venerable Bishop Maltby, died on Sunday last, in his 90th year; distinguished through life by profound learning, unaffected piety, and an unbounded liberality. He reached the highest stations of the church, almost without envy, and retired from the splendid emoluments of the see of Durham as soon as he found himself unequal to the performance of its duties. Such examples are wanted.

MR. MORRIS MOORE'S RAFAELLE.—We learn from the columns of a contemporary that "The standard periodical in the French world of fine arts, *La Gazette des Beaux Arts*, edited by Charles Blanc, comes out this month with a beautiful engraving of the 'Apollo and Marsyas' of Raffaele, in possession of Morris Moore. The Paris connoisseurs are all of one opinion, it would seem, as to its authenticity," an opinion in which we must admit we agree.

GOLD DISCOVERIES IN PANAMA.—In our last we inserted a letter which has, we find, been addressed to a wide circle of papers, announcing that gold had been discovered in considerable quantities in Panama. We were at once satisfied that if this were really the case the effect must be very important to the interests of commerce and navigation. We have already a railway across the isthmus, joining thus the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean, and a ship communication has been for many years a favourite scheme of merchants. Such a discovery as that of gold in large quantities will stimulate these and all similar plans, and tend rapidly to advance the cultivation of this rich but little explored part of the world. Gold has long been the pioneer of commerce, as well as its chief medium, and the highways of nations have been traced to auriferous deposits in not a few cases. This will be one of the most remarkable. We have made many and minute inquiries, and find that the gold is within a few miles of the seacoast, on a river navigable for large barges, if not vessels of still greater tonnage. We may hope for scientific information from this quarter, but the public will have no other advantage than that which will accrue from the benefit done to the province of Panama. The proprietors intend to work the mines themselves for their own benefit, and no shares will be brought into the market.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 6th July.

"WHEN people are in the dark it is easy to make the stoutest man believe in a ghost," says Jean Paul, in one of his works. Never was the truth of this better exemplified than it is just at this moment. You may perceive that many respectable journals in England (especially north-country ones, as I have noticed), state the fact of the report of the death of Marshal Niel being credited in many quarters in France, and that, be it remarked, after the Emperor has himself assured the Empress that he has "raised General Niel to the rank of a *Maréchal de France*."

Now, conceive for an instant, a similar report going about, in a similar circumstance, in any other country; it would simply be impossible. This fully comes in support of a speech of Prince Napoleon, which I am in a position to vouch for; just after the *coup d'état* in 1851, when the press was as much gagged (but not more so) than it is now, a report was circulated that Marshal St. Armand (recently raised to the highest military rank for having massacred the Paris population) had actually murdered General Cornemuse in the Palace of the Tuileries. Cornemuse was the man who had most to do with the fearful lot of military executions that had secretly taken place immediately after the *coup d'état*, and St. Armand was one of the instruments of that sanguinary aggression who was accused of having the largest pecuniary reward for his help. All



that really happened, and could not be denied, was therefore bad enough for it to be easily understood that the public should make it out a great deal worse. Accordingly, the report I allude to got about, and a most tragical scene was recounted. General Cornemuse was said to have upbraided Marshal St. Arnaud with his (alas!) notorious habits of pecuniary corruption, and the Marshal was described as drawing his sword in a fury, and then and there running his adversary through with it, neither more nor less than if he had been a cat or a dog. Some said the murderous deed happened in the Imperial presence; others enriched the anecdote with a small, ornamental, side-story of "our uncle Jerome" running away in the confusion with a heap of bank-notes that were laying on the Emperor's bureau, thus provoking, on Cesar's part, when all was over and the money found missing, the exclamation of "*Ah, je m'en souviens que mon oncle était là!*" There was no invention which seemed too monstrous for the public to believe; and the degree to which it did believe them surpasses anything I can describe. Highly educated persons may be to this day found who obstinately hold to the tale of General Cornemuse's assassination by Marshal St. Arnaud, with its various adjuncts of facts more or less favourable to the morality and honesty of the Bonaparte family in general; and I could name a well-known British diplomatist of very high rank, who died last year in full conviction of the whole. Moderate, or rather sceptical people, would have it that the two fought a duel in the long gallery of the palace, St. Arnaud bringing down his man disloyally, and that when night came the body was privately carried out and taken to the abode it inhabited during life. I do not believe this version either; but what I do certify is, that never since reports were spread about and credited, was one more credited and spread about amongst higher classes of the public than the one I have mentioned. In 1855, during the Crimean war, and while our Queen was on her most regrettable visit here, the Emperor one morning exclaimed to his cousin, with whom he was quite alone, "Is it possible that there are at this present time thousands of people in this town who believe that St. Arnaud murdered Cornemuse before my face, and that I was very glad to get him out of my way?" Prince Napoleon sat by, and looked vacant. "*Eh bien,*" said he, "*et après?*" what is there to astonish you in that?" The Emperor positively did stare in genuine surprise. Plon-Plon went on: "What astonishes me," he rejoined, "is that nobody has yet said you have attempted to poison me, or I, you." "What do you mean?" was Louis Napoleon's reply. "What I mean," said his cousin, "is simply this; that so long as you persist in holding down this entire country in literal darkness, as you do, these are the sort of consequences you must expect. You and I know the story you speak of is not true; but do, for one moment, suppose it were true, could it not be perfectly hushed up? and without publicity and freedom what is there to prove absolutely to the world out of doors that it is untrue?"

Now, as I can answer for the perfect truth of every detail of the little scene I have just recounted, and, as it seems to me to bear upon many of the circumstances of the present war, I have not thought a few moments would be wasted in recalling it to attention. A person to whom I myself heard Prince Napoleon relate it, exclaimed to the latter: "What you said must have made a great impression upon His Majesty." I shall not easily forget the look of hopelessness that settled on the prince's fat face, as he replied, "*Impression! mon cher ami,* nothing ever makes any impression on the Emperor that is in any way connected with a notion of *Liberty*. I never let slip an opportunity of speaking my mind on the subject, but I quite well know I am only wasting my time."

There are two curious exceptions to the general flatness of the transactions in the artistic and literary world just now, and they really are too creditable to the French public for me to pass

them over unobserved. One is the sale of Villemain's new book on "Lyrical Poetry," the other the proceeds realised by the "*Pardon de Ploërmel*." Of Villemain's volume, more than 6000 have been bought already, and this for a book costing 7 francs is something phenomenal. But the sums made by the Opéra Comique with Meyerbeer's new opera are even far more fabulous. Up to the last night of its performance the theatre never once ceased to realise the utmost amount of the receipts it can realise, which are 280*l*. Added to this, the musical publishers who brought out the pianoforte copy of it, sold off 10,000 copies of the small edition (at 7 francs) within the first week of publication, and upwards of 2000 copies of the large edition. Since then, three several editions have already been issued, and a fourth is being prepared.

There is, in almost every way, so much that speaks ill for the French people of our times, that it is unfair not to mention any fact, however slight in appearance, that may be set down to their credit. Now, it undoubtedly is to their credit that a work of so high an order as Villemain's new book should sell at more than three times the rate that *Mme. Sand's* last most abominable novel, "*Elle et Lui*" sells at; and at a period when "*Filles de Marbre*" and "*Dames aux Camelias*" are the objects of official predilection everywhere, and where everything is done to lower the standard of taste, it is honourable to the public that a composition like the *Pardon de Ploërmel* should have such a tremendous success, and make so much money.

I rode out yesterday to see the little species of cottage farm that the town council of Paris has given to Lamartine. It is as yet a rambling sort of edifice, but when half of it shall be pulled down (which workmen are now busy upon), it will be a pretty little place enough, and the greatest poet of modern France (one of the greatest of modern ages) may retire there to a pleasant half-solitude, that even his best friends may think of with satisfaction. The land is bad (or else it would probably never have been made a present of), but I should fancy cabbages and potatoes are not exactly the produce the lover of "*Eloise*" will ask from his garden, and the few trees round it give it a cool, shady, sequestered air, that is charming in this broiling weather. It nestles just under the princely plantations of La Muette, where Madame Du Barry once "sat enthroned," reigning over "*La France*," as she was wont to style Louis XV., and where the widow of the late Pierre Erard, the pianoforte-maker, now dwells. All the shade and all the perfumes of the once royal residence are gratuitously poured forth upon a seemingly humbler neighbour, and the nightingales of La Muette will send forth their heavenly strains unconsciously to the ear of as glorious a master of song as themselves.

Paris, Wednesday.

Poor Alexandre Dumas the Elder has many a time and oft been accused by enemies, rivals, friends, and the public at large, of making an abusive use of the system of *collaboration*, which system French literary manners tolerate, but which happily is unknown in England; such abuse consisting in passing off as entirely his own works wholly or partially the productions of others. Unable positively to deny the charge he attempted to extenuate it by pleading that the works he more or less appropriated were simply dry bones into which he breathed the breath of life—dross, which he turned into gold. No means of contradicting him existed, and his excuse had to be accepted for what it was worth. But an incident which has occurred within the last few days leads to the painful conclusion that its value was not great. He was cited to the bar of the Tribunal of Correctional Police—in English eyes, the Parisian Bow Street—on the grave, moral, and literary charge of having, in a work called *Le Caucase*, just published by him, and containing an account of his recent journey to the Caucasus, pillaged extensive passages, some verbatim, others with the alteration of a few sentences, from a narrative entitled "Souvenirs of a

Frenchman, captive of Schamyl," by a certain M. Merlieux, a scribe unknown.

The pillagings in question consisted of a record of the capture and detention of two Russian Princesses and a Frenchman, their attendant, by Schamyl, the Caucasian hero, some years ago,—an affair which may be still within the recollection of newspaper readers. Dumas protested that having seen the Russian Princesses in his Caucasian expedition, it was they who had authorised him to borrow from the work in question; and he argued that, as the adventures it related were theirs, they had legal power so to do. He also argued, on technical grounds, that, as the said adventures had been related in books and newspapers more than once, they had fallen into the public domain, and that he could therefore copy any account of them he pleased without committing piracy. He submitted, too, to the Court that, as he had in some places expressly acknowledged that he was quoting from the "Souvenirs," he could not be considered guilty of what is technically called piracy. But the tribunal held that all these reasonings, though ingenious, were of no avail; and it accordingly declared him a literary pirate, and fined him 4*l*. It held too that his printers and publishers in printing and publishing his piracies had offended as much as he, and it imposed a fine of 5*l*. on them. It, moreover, ordered Dumas and the other defendants to pay the author of the "Souvenirs" 20*l*. as an indemnity for the wrong they had done him.

In England such a condemnation would be the utter ruin of a literary man. Here it excites only passing comment. This difference of appreciation between the two countries is entirely owing to the collaboration system being proscribed in the one and sanctioned in the other. When three or four men are allowed to put their wits together to write one novel or one play—when an author of repute can be largely assisted by one or several persons without being bound to proclaim the fact to the public—when he can with impunity put his own name to the work of an unknown scribe in order to make it sell—there is no reason why downright piracy should subject him to obloquy; for after all, piracy is only collaboration under another form.

Shortly before this affair of Dumas', one of the law courts was occupied with a suit arising out of a collaboration question. A writer who has gained considerable notoriety under the assumed name of De Mirecourt, and another of the name of Gabriel, some years back wrote an appalling melodrama in which the end of the world was represented as the *dénouement*. But no theatre would bring it out, because it would have cost a good deal of money to get up, and because the said *dénouement* was considered objectionable in a religious point of view. David, the composer, having had the opportunity of reading the piece, thought it was suitable for an opera, and he obtained Mirecourt's and Gabriel's consent to have it transformed into a *libretto*. He and one Hadot, a tax-gatherer in a provincial town, a friend of his, set to work to turn it into "poetry," but they made a mess of it, and accordingly communicated the manuscript to Mery, a scribbler of verses of more notoriety than merit. Mery produced a *libretto* from the piece, and David set it to music. The opera was brought out at the Grand Opera, under the title of *Herculanum*, and has since been repeatedly performed. Thus there were five "hands" employed in one way or another in this one piece. The "hands" agreed amongst themselves as to the manner in which the profits arising from the performance should be divided; but they squabbled about the division of the proceeds of the sale of the *libretto* and the music,—and they had to go to law to have their differences settled. I ask if it be consistent with the dignity of literature for five "hands" to take part in producing one work, just as five bricklayers "collaborate" in building a wall:—and I ask if the five "hands" do not deserve the reprobation of their fellows, for presenting the public with the painful spectacle of literary men squabbling about the division of "wages," received for a work done in common.

## SCIENTIFIC.

PUBLIC attention during the past month has been directed to several important discoveries of scientific interest, especially in geology: we may instance first, that of implements of human art intermixed with the bones of recent animals, in caves filled with tertiary deposits on the northern coast of Sicily. Among the skeletons found are those of the hippopotamus and elephant. With respect to the latter, Professor Ferrara, at a recent meeting of the Geological Society, suggested that, they were due to Carthaginian elephants, and the former to the animals imported by the Saracens for sport. The government of Palermo having ordered a correct survey of this cave and its contents, it was found that beneath the bone-breccia was a marine bed, with shells, and continuous with the external tertiary deposits. The wall of the cave to the height of eight feet from the floor had been thickly bored by *Pholades*; for the space of ten feet higher the side was smooth; and still higher up it was cancellar, or eroded. Above the breccia were blocks of limestone, covered by earthy soil, in which bones of *Hippopotami*, with a few of those of *Bos* and *Cervus*, light and fragile, not fossilised as in the breccia, occurred plentifully. In his late visit to the San Ciro Cave, Dr. Falconer collected (besides the *Hippopotamus*) remains of *Elephas antiquus*, *Bos*, *Cervus*, *Sus*, *Ursus*, *Canis*, and a large *Felis*, some of which indicated a pliocene age. Another cave, the Grotto di Maccagnone, about twenty-four miles to the west of Palermo, was lately the especial subject of the author's research, whose attention was directed to it by J. Morrison, Esq. In its form it differs from that of San Ciro, being much wider. Its sides show no *Pholad* marking nor polished surfaces, as far as they are yet bared. It has a reddish or ochreous stalagmitic crust covering the interior. It agrees with the San Ciro Cave in its situation at nearly the same elevation above the sea and above the tertiary plain; and in its enormous mass of bone-breccia and great accumulation of limestone boulders covered by the humate soil with loose bones. About half-way in from the mouth, and at 10 feet above the floor, a large mass of breccia was observed, denuded partly of the stalagmitic covering, and composed of a reddish grey argillaceous matrix, cemented by a calcareous paste, containing fragments of limestone finely preserved. Entire land shells of large size, splinters of bone, teeth of ruminants, and of the genus *Equus*, together with comminuted fragments of shells, bits of carbon, specks of argillaceous matter resembling burnt clay, together with fragments of shaped siliceous objects, of human workmanship, of different tints, varying from the milky or smoky colour of chalcedony to that of jaspery hornstone. This brecciated matrix was firmly cemented to the roof, and for the most part covered over with a coat of stalagmite. With regard to the fragments of the siliceous objects, the great majority of them present definite forms, namely, long, narrow, and thin; having invariably a smooth conchoidal surface below, and above, a longitudinal ridge bevelled off right and left, or a concave facet, replacing the ridge; in the latter case presenting three facets on the upper side. They closely resemble, in every detail of form, obsidian knives from Mexico, and flint knives from Stonehenge, Arabia, and elsewhere, and they appear to have been formed by the dislamination, as films, of the long angles of prismatic blocks of stone. These fragments occur intimately intermixed with the bone splinters, shells, &c., in the roof-breccia, in very considerable abundance; amorphous fragments of flint are comparatively rare, and no pebbles or blocks occur either within or without the cave. The inferences deduced from these facts are—that the Maccagnone Cave was filled up to the roof within the human period, so that a thick layer of bone-splinters, teeth, land-shells, coprolites of the *Hyæna*, and human objects was agglutinated to the roof by the infiltration of water holding lime in

solution; that subsequently, and within the human period, such a great amount of change took place in the physical configuration of the district as to have caused the cave to be washed out and emptied of its contents, excepting the floor-breccia, and the patches of material cemented to the roof and since coated with additional stalagmite.

Among chemical researches an especial interest attaches, and particularly at the present time, to those on the nature of ozone. At the anniversary meeting of the Meteorological Society, the sources of this condition of matter were illustrated by experiment. A quantity of hydrogen and oxygen was prepared by decomposing water by means of a galvanic battery; the gases were strongly impregnated with the ozone smell. It was the odor of the oxygen, obtained by the decomposition of water, that first attracted the attention of Schönbein to the subject; to this smell he gave the name of ozone, from *oza*, *oleo*, in a paper dated 8th April, 1840. He also showed that the odor possessed a gaseous form. He inferred the existence of ozone in the air, from the fact of paper dipped in a mixture of starch and iodide of potassium becoming blue in certain conditions. When ozonised air is shaken with a salt of manganese the sesquioxide of manganese is precipitated; hence slips of paper dipped in solutions of these salts are recommended as test papers for ozone. The principal characters of ozone were its smell, its action on iodide of potassium and starch, and its rapid effects in oxidising metallic silver. The ozone, it had been inferred, existed in the atmosphere, because the air at certain times decomposed the iodide of potassium. Ozone can only be considered as an active condition of oxygen; it is readily found by passing continuous electric sparks through pure oxygen, which contracts to one-fourth of its volume, and again returns to its negative state or original condition when exposed to a temperature of 540° to 720° F. Various experiments were shown, illustrative of the existence of oxygen in combination in two conditions in ozonides and antozonides, and of the formation of common oxygen by the union of these different states of ozone.

At the Annual Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Alfred Wallace, Esq., F.R.G.S., read "Notes on a Voyage to New Guinea." These notes were the result of the author's three months residence at Dorey, in New Guinea, situated in the N.-W. portion of the island, and the only place, it appears, on the mainland, where a trader can remain in safety. The statement that New Guinea is inhabited by Papuans and Malays is, it seems, incorrect, as the natives are composed entirely of the former, though several Malay settlements are scattered over the outlying islands. The whole northern peninsula, as well as the neighbouring islands, is rugged and mountainous; and over the country an unvarying forest, of a somewhat stunted appearance, spreads itself. The author pitched his abode at the village of Dorey, in a rough jungle-house, built by himself, and employed his time in exploring, when unassailed by fever, the natural history of the surrounding districts. Rain was the rule, and sunshine the exception, during his stay. The Doreyans live on the coast, in houses raised in the water on posts, and reached by a rough and tottering causeway from the beach, presenting an unusually wretched appearance. The natives of the interior do not differ perceptibly in physical character, but have a distinct language, and are called Arfaki. The Doreyans, however, are fishers and traders, while the Arfaki are agriculturists. The mental and moral characteristics of the Papuans differ remarkably from, and are inferior to, those of the Malay race. Dorey was found to be very unhealthy, fevers and dysentery being very prevalent. The principal article of trade on the northern coast is a fragrant aromatic bark, called mussooy, which is carried to Java, where an oil of reputed efficacy in various disorders is extracted from it. Tortoise-shell, béche-de-mer, sago, and wild nutmegs, are also articles of trade.

The investigations of scientific inquirers have made us recently acquainted with many new

facts relating to shooting stars and other meteors; among others, their direction is never perpendicular to the earth, the majority come from that part of the heavens towards which the earth is moving; their velocity averages 20 miles a second; the more brilliant among them become visible at about 40 miles from the earth, and they occur principally in periodical showers about the middle of August and November. The cosmical theory, which supposes that near the earth's orbit there are a vast number of minute bodies revolving round the sun in streams, and that our globe comes into collision with some of these, or periodically cuts their orbit, is the only one which is capable of explaining these facts. The colour of meteorolites varies, the principal tints being blue, orange, red, and white, while not unfrequently the same meteor changes colour entirely. These differences are supposed to depend on their composition; some aerolites consisting mainly of iron, while others are formed of silicates of magnesia, potash, and soda, and the combustion of these bodies in passing through the air produces various-coloured light. The vapours and smoke in the atmosphere through which a meteor passes may produce a change in its hue, as it proceeds on its course, or even cause it to exhibit various colours to different observers at the same time; and herein we find a solution for the discrepancies to be found in different accounts of the same phenomena.

Phosphorescences and fluorescences offer to our notice very interesting phenomena. If a calcined oyster-shell, a piece of white paper, or even the hand be exposed to the sun's rays, and then instantly placed before the eyes in a perfectly dark room, they are seen to be visible after the light has ceased to fall on them, and this phosphorescent light will be either white or coloured according to the nature of the substance, and independently of the colour of the ray to which it has been exposed. M. Becquerel, by selecting different phosphori that emitted special tints, obtained all the seven prismatic colours. Fluorescence is that property by which certain bodies shine with a glow of their own while exposed to certain rays, generally not the luminous ones of the prismatic spectrum. This property is shared by most of those substances which exhibit phosphorescence.

At the last meeting of the Zoological Society, Dr. George Bennett, of Sydney, made several communications to the Society on subjects connected with the natural history of Australia. Among others were noticed the *Ornithorhynchus*, the *Belidius*, the *Glyptododon biocellatus*, and the *Corchorias leucas*; also several species of Nautilus, which are stated to be used for food. M. Schlagintweit exhibited some heads of a Tibetan sheep (*Ovis aries*), with the two horns consolidated together, and which had probably led to the idea of a unicorn existing in that country. Several specimens were also exhibited by the following gentlemen: Messrs. Gould, Woodward, Angas, and Stephens, and Drs. Bennett and Gray, and also by the Secretary.

At the *Soirée* held last week at the London University, Mr. Griffin exhibited a small furnace for the laboratory, which he has just patented. By means of this simple contrivance, which can stand with safety on a table or any desirable place, an intensity of heat can be obtained sufficient to melt the most refractory substances without any other fuel being used than the ordinary gas used for lighting the house. The apparatus exhibited is capable of melting 3½ pounds of copper in ten minutes, at an expense of three farthings. Attached to a large retort-stand by a horizontal arm, is a small metal box between two and three inches in diameter. This box is divided into two parts internally; the upper part being connected by a flexible tube with the gas-piping of the room; the under part is in like manner connected with a pair of double bellows. On the top of the metal box was fixed a burner, consisting in this instance of sixteen jets, each of which is formed of two tubes, the outermost of which is short and only reaches into the upper part of the metal box, while the inner tubes are long enough to penetrate



the division, and to reach the lower part of the box. This burner with its 16 tubes forms a small flat cylinder on the top of the box, round which, and fitting it exactly, is placed a large flat disc of porous earthenware, in shape like a millstone, and of a thickness equal to the height of the burner. Over this burner is placed a plum-bago crucible with a lid, and supported by a semi-globular stand of the same material, like an inverted basin, pierced all over with small holes, and having a large hole in the centre to receive the bottom of the crucible; over this latter is placed a second, but larger cup, similarly pierced with small holes. Round the crucible, thus supported and covered, is placed a large cylinder made of porous earthenware, of the same diameter externally as the flat disc, and with exactly sufficient space in the centre to admit the crucible, cover, &c. This cylinder has a small hole in the side through which to watch the crucible, and this hole is stopped with a plug. On the top of the first cylinder any number of others may be placed as required, and space between the crucible cover and the top of the highest cylinder may be filled with pieces of earthenware or pebbles, and the whole covered with a piece of tile. When the gas is turned on, it passes at first into the upper chamber of the metal box, and thence between the inner and outer tubes of the burner, where it comes into contact with the air which is forced by the bellows through the long tubes; this current of air produces rapid combustion of the gas which, rushing out through the holes of the stand under the crucible, entirely surrounds this latter with a most ardent flame. The object of the earthenware cylinders and pebbles is solely to prevent the escape of the calorific. This is effected in so perfect a manner, that the hand can be placed with impunity on any part of the apparatus while the inside is glowing with a white heat.

A Meeting of the Genealogical and Historical Society of London was held on Wednesday last at Bridgewater House, St. James's. Lord Ellesmere was in the chair. A very favourable report of the Society's operations during the past year was read, but the proceedings offer no interest to the general reader. Professor Christmas and Sir Brook Bridges, Bart., were elected on the Council, and the meeting separated at about 11 o'clock.

## FINE ARTS.

### NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SEVERAL new portraits, all of them purchased during the last and present months, have just been hung up in the rooms in Great George Street—now literally overflowing with the constantly increasing additions.

First in the list is Ben Jonson's "Monarch of Letters," John Selden, "one of the ablest—as his contemporaries declared, one of the most learned—as all his books show, and one of the shrewdest and most caustic—as his "Table Talk" tells—of the remarkable men who played a prominent part during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. The portrait was purchased by Walpole, at the sale of the property of Mr. Sheldon, of Worcestershire, in 1780. Further than that, its history does not seem traceable; and the painter is unknown. But the name is inscribed over the head, in capitals of the great lawyer's own time, and the face authenticates itself. It is a bust portrait; the face thin, long, and grave—but keen, with a piercing dark gray eye. The hair is worn low down on the forehead. Altogether, there is much character and individuality, and the head is very well painted.

'Abraham Cowley' is less characteristic. The catalogue does not tell us of whom it was purchased, or give its history. Mrs. Beale is said to be the painter: it is not one of the portraits mentioned in her husband's memoranda, but there is no reason why it should not be by her. But the likeness is much less favourable to Cowley than the larger of the engravings by Faithorne, which shows a sharp, clear, poetic visage, rounded a little in the fleshy parts, perhaps by a love of good living and an easy moral code; while Mrs. Beale has painted a fair feminine face, overshadowed by long sandy

hair, and having a *nez retroussé*—altogether a soft and feeble creature, who though he might have composed the "Mistress," or elaborated conceits, could never have written such sturdy English as we find in the Essays. The portrait of 'James, second Duke of Ormond,' by Michael Dahl, is sufficiently known to collectors by the engravings of Simon and Gribelin. It is a half length; the duke being in armour, and holding a commander's baton in his right hand; on his head he has a portentous wig, whilst his visor is placed on one side. The costume of course is conventional, but it is the conventionalism of the time, and the picture is a very good specimen of the skill of "the modest and silent Dahl," as Walpole styles him. The Duke has an open chivalrous countenance, yet there is a latent something in it which indicates that its owner might play the many-hued part assigned him by history.

'Richard, Earl Howe,' the conqueror on "the glorious 1st of June," is a small whole length, painted (probably) by Singleton. The earl is represented in full admiral's uniform, standing on the shore, while a naval engagement is going on out at sea—the shore being, however, a very unlikely place for his post of observation during such an occurrence. He has a broad sailor-like face, with decision and self-reliance strongly marked in the knit brow, compressed mouth, and firm attitude. The painting is sketchy but spirited, and altogether it is an effective little picture. These four pictures were purchased in May—it is not said of whom: the following have been bought since.

'The Seven Bishops,' a series of small separate busts on one canvas, painter unknown. As a picture, not much is to be said for it. Whether the portraits were painted from the life it would perhaps not now be possible to ascertain. But it is evident that they were painted whilst the popular enthusiasm was fresh, and it may be that some ardent patriot induced the bishops to sit for them. Each has his name inscribed. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, as of right, occupies the central post, and, by virtue of his rank perhaps, is painted on a somewhat larger scale than his brethren. But his face has a look of sturdy positiveness, which seems to imply that he is by right of manhood as well as rank the fitting leader in the great struggle. The other bishops are ranged round Sancroft within black ring medallions. The shrewdest head, though old and worn, is that of the excellent Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, has an open intelligent face; Lake, Bishop of Chichester, looks young, hearty, and vigorous, full of blood and opposition; White, Bishop of Peterborough, gray haired but jovial; Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol, sickly; and Turner, of Ely, quiet, gentlemanly, and dull.

'John Smeaton,' the engineer of the Eddystone light-house, a half-length, by an unknown painter, but presented by Mrs. Dixon, Smeaton's daughter, to the late Sir Richard Sullivan. Smeaton is seated by a table, marking off with dividers the proportions of a plan; in the distance is the Eddystone light-house. The great engineer has a short chubby face, and wears a furred dressing-gown and cap. Of the picture, as a work of art, little can be said; but that it was a very desirable one for the collection there can be no question.

The head of 'Warren Hastings' was, like the last, the property of Sir Richard Sullivan, to whom it was presented by Hastings himself—a sufficient warranty of the faithfulness of the likeness: the painter is unknown. The Governor-General is in this represented, not as in the famous portrait, an old man, but in the very prime and vigour of life. The intellectual character of the head is, however, hardly so strongly developed. The countenance is rather mild and thoughtful than marked, as one might expect, by stern decision. The face is long and oval, the forehead lofty. The painting is but indifferent.

The latest acquisition is a portrait of 'David Garrick,' originally painted for Sir Richard Sullivan by Robert Edge Pine, and engraved (with a slight difference) in line by Cooper, and in mezzotint by Dickinson. The great actor is seated at a

table, studying his part of *Macbeth*; and he has just got sufficiently warmed by the study to light up his eyes and give expression to his countenance—which is turned full forward towards the spectator. The head is very well painted, but the compressed forehead, and large, fleshy lower part of the face, are sure marks that, after all, "Little Davy" was but a little man.

If none of these be men of the highest mark, and neither is especially valuable as a work of art, yet it must be acknowledged that no one is unworthy of admission as below the proper standard in either respect. Most indeed are portraits of men who have won an enduring place in the roll of British worthies, and the Trustees may fairly take credit for the selection. In all there are now eighty-one pictures in the collection, and of these no fewer than twenty-four have been added during the first half of the present year. Of these, six were presented to the gallery, the rest purchased by the Trustees: a very reasonable proportion, but one that will probably be altered considerably when a proper gallery is provided for the pictures.

We might perhaps add to the above list a portrait (three-quarter length) of the admirable Sir Stamford Raffles, which has just been offered to the Trustees by the son of Sir Stamford; but as it has not, we believe, been as yet formally accepted, it would perhaps be premature to do so. Its acceptance may, however, be regarded as a matter of course, and it will be a worthy addition to our London Walhalla. The portrait is that engraved for the "Life of Raffles," by his widow.

Three new names, those of the Bishop of Oxford, Sir G. C. Lewis, and W. Stirling, Esq., M.P., we may note, have just been added to the list of Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, raising the total number of Trustees to sixteen: rather more than enough for a good working Council.

We are hardly as great in political caricature as in former days. *Punch* has the field pretty well to himself. Gillray, if he lived in our day, would find his occupation gone. Yet we have never been quite without independent caricaturists, and of late there have been somewhat more frequent appearances of some who make their appeal to a special circle. *Punch* is for the great public, they for the select few. One of the most pretentious of these recent appearances bears the title of *The History of the Fisherman and the Genius; or, the Revolution in Paris, 1861.* (T. M'Lean.) The letter-press professes to be printed from the "real manuscript of the Arabian Tales," recently found in Bagdad, and to give the famous tale in its most genuine form; notes (hardly necessary by the way) pointing to the scenes and personages intended by the narrative. The drawings show Louis Napoleon as the Genius emerging from the vase ('the Presidency, 1851'), while the Fisherman (France) is looking on with wonder and admiration; next assuming gigantic proportions ('the Empire, 1853'), and drawing his sword on the Fisherman, who is on his knees imploring mercy; and lastly enclosed within the vase which he has been persuaded to re-enter ('the Revolution of 1861'), while "the Fisherman, stung by his ingratitude, replaces the seal, and casts the bottle into the sea." On the whole there is cleverness in the idea, and the text has smartness and applicability sufficient perhaps for a *pièce d'occasion*, though its wit is scarcely as pungent as it might be. But such jokes are almost too elaborate. They take too long in preparing for these days of rapid intelligence. We are told here that the second changing of the Genius into smoke is an allusion to his "gaining deceptive victories" in the "Italian war of 1859," but before the words could be well-printed, the telegraph flashes news which even the bitterest satirist cannot so read backwards. The caricatures themselves are large-sized lithographs, executed in a manner very like that of the well-remembered H.B., though the style is somewhat less incisive perhaps. The likeness of Napoleon III. is sufficiently good, and sufficiently unflattered, to prevent

it passing scatheless through the hands of the French censor. The face of the Fisherman is however Irish, rather than French. There are, besides, appropriate fancy woodcut-borders to the pages, and a showy title-page, in which Fate partly draws aside the curtain from the Paris of 1861. Altogether the brochure is so expensively got up, that we are at a loss to imagine where it can hope to find fit audience, yet not too few, for the publisher's purpose.

Part 6 of *Studies from the Great Masters*, engraved and printed in colours, by William Dickes (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.), certainly shows no improvement; scarcely, indeed, maintains the promise of the earlier numbers. The prints are 'The Itinerant Musicians,' by Dietrich, and 'The Infant Academy,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The drawing is still better than is usual in such low-priced prints, but the colour is harsh and raw. Less dependence than in some of the earlier parts seems to have been given to the production of depth and shade by the superposition of colours, the effect being obtained by etching, which a good deal interferes with the picture-like appearance. We are afraid the real limits and capabilities of the method are hardly sufficiently taken into account; and that the producers reckon somewhat too confidently on catching purchasers by bright colours. The writing of the "prose illustrations" is sadly uncommunicative as to the size and whereabouts of the originals, and as to whether the prints are coloured from actual copies made for the purpose, or from "mere fancy."

The July number of the *Art Journal* is above its average excellence. The two engravings from the royal pictures are Mr. Dobson's 'Alms-deeds of Dorcas,' a very good example of the artist's style of conventional religious art, yet full of refinement and devotional feeling, and very nicely engraved by Mr. H. Bourne; and the hard and mechanical 'Prayer in the Tyrol,' by Herr Foltz, engraved by Mr. Lightfoot. The sculpture is a pleasing statue of 'Purity,' by Mr. Noble. The literary section contains, besides the usual art-intelligence and reviews, a paper on "Reynolds at his easel," clever, but too much in the "fast and flippant" style; an account of Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A., with sundry woodcuts of his pictures; the continuation of Mr. T. Wright's "Out of Doors Amusements and Recreations in the Middle Ages," full of learning and quaint old cuts; Mr. Fairholt's "Tombs of English Artists," the tomb visited this month being that of Samuel Cooper, the Cromwellian miniature-painter, whose bones lie in Old St. Pancras Church; and the opportunity is taken of noticing some of the many notabilities interred in that out-of-the-way cemetery, one of the richest (though so few Londoners know it) of all our metropolitan burial places in the tombs of remarkable persons. There are several other papers of practical or pleasant reading, including Mr. and Mrs. Hall's "Excursions in South Wales," with its usual plethora of woodcuts.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Cowper on Monday evening moved for copies of all Letters and Memorials which have been addressed to the Committee of Council on Education, or to the Trustees of the National Gallery, with reference to the admission of the public in the evening to the Turner and Vernon Galleries; the letters and memorials referred to being chiefly those of the Society of Arts, which seems to have taken the initiative in the movement, and other literary and mechanics' institutions in connection with it. Mr. Cowper dwelt upon the incongruity of closing such places during the only hours when the great bulk of the working population could, without serious inconvenience, visit them; and pointed not merely to the precedent of the Sheepshanks' gallery, at South Kensington, where the pictures are regularly exhibited of an evening without apparently sustaining any injury, but also to the House itself, which is amply and pleasantly lighted without any of the products of combustion entering the room—the gas-lights being all placed outside the glass panels of the ceiling. The

House seemed to adopt the Hon. Member's view, and his motion was acceded to. We shall not be mistaken if we advocate a little caution in this matter. We have always urged that the greatest possible facilities ought to be afforded to the public for viewing the national collections; but great pictures are precious things, quite irreplaceable if injured or destroyed, and we hope that no hasty or ill-considered step will be taken on the present occasion. If the mode of lighting adopted in the House of Commons should be found adapted for a picture gallery, there can be no doubt that it would remove the objections urged against the use of gas. But its fitness remains to be ascertained. And the late government having, as we announced a fortnight ago, nominated a commission of three eminent scientific men (Professors Faraday, Hoffmann, and Tyndall), and the engineer and director of the South Kensington Museum, to investigate and report upon the subject of lighting public galleries by gas, it would be a great pity not to wait until those gentlemen, whose competence all acknowledge, and who are not likely to loiter in their investigations, shall have considered the whole question, and are able to point out a safe and suitable method of effecting the desired object.

Another matter discussed in the House was the Piccadilly "Illuminated Indicator," to which we referred last week. From the debate it appeared that it was not the Government Board of Works, but the several parishes which had granted the company permission to erect these pillars; but doubtless the Metropolitan Board of Works must have sanctioned their erection—for in respect of "all buildings and erections" the Metropolitan Board is omnipotent. Leave was given to introduce a Bill, giving to the First Commissioner of the Board of Works a veto upon the erection of any such structure on the carriage ways of the metropolis—following therein a precedent in the Act of 1854, which forbade the erection of any statue in public places without the consent of the First Commissioner. It would seem to be more reasonable, instead of this constant meeting of particular cases by legislative action, to devise some sufficient means for placing the whole of what may be called the public art-arrangements of the metropolis under some competent superintendence; but we have had ample and very painful experience that competent superintendence would not be found in a political First Commissioner, or a Metropolitan Board elected by parish vestries.

The French Exposition is to close on Monday next. The distribution of medals and awards will take place on the following Friday; and the drawing for the distribution of prizes in the National Art-Lottery is fixed for Sunday the 17th.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

As far as music is concerned, the season of 1859 is drawing rapidly to a conclusion. No novelty has been produced at either of the opera houses, though Mercadante's *Il Giuramento* has been promised at Covent Garden from night to night, and is now set down as positively to be given this evening. At Drury Lane Mr. E. T. Smith has taken a benefit, on which occasion he delivered a speech to his audience, the taste of which was even more questionable than the selection for the evening's entertainment, which consisted of a *mélange* of one or two scenes from seven or eight operas, for the purpose of bringing forward all the leading members of the monster *troupe*, who have for the most part been during the season attempting a class of music for which very few of their numbers will ever be thoroughly competent. However, the novelty of the selection, and the number of names in the bill, drew an immense audience, and Mr. E. T. Smith had therefore no cause to be dissatisfied with the results of his singular method for using a company and cramming his theatre.

Of the week's concerts it is impossible to mention all which deserve consideration. The Musical Union concluded its series on Tuesday, which we mention first because of the supe-

riority of the musicians employed by Mr. Ella, and of the general excellence of the selections which he has again made from the works of the greatest masters. On this occasion Rubenstein concluded his engagement, and by his brilliant execution and masterly interpretations of the works which he exhibited, realised the position at the head of modern pianists, which was prognosticated for him only by a few on his first appearance two years ago in London. An attempt was at that time made to write him down; but the extraordinary talent of this Russian pianist, and the confidence which Mr. Ella had in the correctness of his own judgment respecting his talent, have prevailed, so that merits at first but sparingly recognised, are now acknowledged and accepted as they deserve.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERTS.—The final concert of the present season was given on Monday afternoon at St. James's Hall, and was listened to by a very large and extremely fashionable attendance with evident satisfaction. The programme was rather too long, for the performance lasted almost four hours; nevertheless the interest was so great, owing to the exquisite manner in which the several selections were rendered, that almost the entire audience remained until the conclusion. One of the chief features of the entertainment was a selection from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, the several parts of which were admirably sustained by Madame Catherine Hayes, Mdle. Artôt, Sig. L. Graziani, and Sig. Badioli. Sig. Mongini excelled in "La donna è mobile," from *Rigoletto*, and met with a hearty encore, and the same fate befel Mdle. Victoire Balfé in "The last rose of summer." An attempt was made to bestow a similar favour on Mdle. Artôt, but this young lady, very prudently on her part, could not be prevailed upon to do more than return to the orchestra and acknowledge the compliment which had been paid to her. The remainder of the *artistes* who assisted in the vocal part of this concert were Mdles. Vauri, Anna Whitty, Brambilla, Guarducci, and Sarolta, Miss Stabbach, Madame Endersson, Herr Richard, Mr. Santley, and Signori Marini, Lonzone, and Mercuriali. Concerning those who assisted in the instrumental part we may mention Miss Arabella Goddard, who played Hummel's "Rondeau Brilliant," in B flat, with her usual brilliancy of style. This lady also assisted in the performance of Herr Leopold Meyer's recently-composed concertante for two pianos, which was also admirably rendered. Herr Joachim, Mr. Payne, and Mr. Benedict likewise added very considerably to the attraction by their performance on the several instruments which are their *specialité*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The Italian Opera Concert, on Thursday, was well attended, but not to such an extent as the programme and the weather seemed to foretell. Doubtless the late substantial splendours of the Handel Festival have dulled the appetite of the Crystal Palace public for the music of Rossini, and also that of Verdi; or, what is still more probable, the programme contained scarcely sufficient native music to gratify the love for English song and style. Only four *moreaux* out of the entire programme were of this description, the most approved of which were Ravenscroft's madrigal, "In the Merry Spring," and Hattton's ever fresh and welcome "Good bye, Sweetheart," which was entrusted to the care of Signor Mario, who showed that such compositions are indeed worthy of the attention of leading vocalists. The enthusiastic encore elicited, and gracefully complied with, by Signor Mario, showed how thoroughly the feeling and purity with which he rendered this favourite fragment was appreciated. Madame Grisi exerted herself, it is almost needless to say, most successfully in the comic duet "Con pazienza," in which she was assisted by Signor Ronconi. Mdle. Lotti very effectively gave the bolero of Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*, and Madame Penco gained a most deserving and determined encore for her performance of the air "Vedrai Carina" from *Don Giovanni*. But of all who



took part in the day's performance, the most successful was unquestionably Mdlle. Didiée, whose rendering of the air, "O la sull'onda" from *Il Giuramento*, left nothing to be desired. The finales to the first and second parts respectively showed the combined force of the Company's band and the Covent Garden chorus to the utmost advantage. The usual display of the upper fountains followed immediately after the conclusion of the concert, whilst many of the visitors were induced to remain and saunter about the grounds during the evening, owing to the fineness of the weather.

Mr. Van Praag's benefit concert on Wednesday evening was, as it deserved to be, a great success. The selection was excellent, and the performance all that could be desired. This worthy and painstaking gentleman, to whom the public owe much more than they are generally aware, was assisted by the *élite* of the profession, who most handsomely came forward to support him in his object of raising a sufficient sum to enable him to visit his children, whom he has not seen for many years, and who are resident in America. We believe that the result of the concert will enable Mr. Van Praag to realise those wishes, and also leave a balance in his favour, upon which we most heartily congratulate him.

MISS E. PHILP'S CONCERT.—Miss Philp has attracted some attention as a clever composer, and her concert, given in the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday last, in the presence of a numerous and distinguished audience, will certainly tend to bring her still more into public and good repute. A French romance "Ninon," sung by M. Jules Lefort, proved that Miss Philp possesses a great appreciation of French music—"Ninon" is charming, sparkling, and withal tender. A duet, which the fair *bénéficiaire* sang with Miss Dolby, "Oh Moonlight, deep and tender," exhibits much expression. Both the duet and romance are published. That Miss Philp will take an honourable place amongst English composers seems fairly probable. Her music is superior to her voice, sweet and simple as the latter is. The entire concert was very agreeable, for as well as the ladies mentioned, Mdlle. Artôt sang, also M. Lefort, Herr Mengis, and Mr. Patey. The instrumentalists were Herr Derfel, Herr Engel, and Herr Wieniawski. The applause bestowed was frequent and well merited.

MASTER HENRI KETTEN'S CONCERT.—Another young pianist is a candidate for public applause in the person of Master Henri Ketten, who numbers eleven years only. He has this advantage over the majority of very young *artistes*,—that he appears to be in excellent health, and plays with an evident enjoyment which is very seldom seen in musical prodigies. This was especially noticeable in Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, to the execution of which this gifted boy gave great expression. He is also a composer, and played a nocturne and a barcarole in a manner which elicited the strongly expressed approbation of the many professionals present. Master Ketten made his *début* on Thursday at the Hanover Square Rooms.

THE BRADFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—This festival, which takes place next month, promises to be a great success in two ways, for while the subscriptions already made amount to 1600*l.*, the talent engaged is immense. Mdlle. Clara Novello's pure clear voice is to be heard, and the unapproachably grand Tietjens is to assist. Miss Palmer and Mdlle. Nantier Didiée will sing the contralto music; Mr. Sims Reeves and Sig. Gunglino, the tenor; and Sig. Badiali is to aid with his careful and expressive voice. The works to be given are *The Creation*, *Dettingen Te Deum*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *St. Paul*, and *The Messiah*. To this noble programme three miscellaneous concerts are to be added.

The war has effectively destroyed opera in Milan, and the brilliant season of a night, cha-

acterised by the mad enthusiasm with which Napoleon III. was received at La Scala, has been succeeded by an utter desolation. Only the small theatres are flourishing, and simply because they give dramatic battles. One house offers *The Victory of Solferino*; another, *The Great Battle of Marengo*; a third, *Garibaldi at Varese*; and as the roof is in all cases open to the sky, the smoke of the mimic war, so near to the real horrors of the field, does not much inconvenience the enthusiastic spectators.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—An occasional season here has not met with much success, though it has appealed to several nationalities—English farce, French vaudeville, and Spanish ballet having been given in one night; and it shows how thoroughly this theatre is engulfed in disappointment, that though the dancing was good, the prices low, and the cleverest specimen of writing about nothing, we mean *Les Deux Aveugles*, produced, the house has been wretchedly attended. A season at the St. James's Theatre is really a wearisome and vexatious business.

THE STRAND THEATRE.—A comediotta produced by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, on Monday evening last at this theatre, was perfectly equal throughout, although no part would bear comparison with Mr. Simpson's earlier writing. Mr. Simpson too, in this trifle, entitled *A School for Coquettes*, is singularly unlucky, for not only has his idea at some time past been stolen by a Frenchman, but actually the Frenchman himself has endured the robbery of his genius by one Lope de Vega, who has been a most luckless author; for though not one man in a thousand throughout Europe, Spain excepted, probably knows his name, it is equally probable that not a day has passed since his death in which his works have not in some form been before an English or French audience. However, to Mr. Palgrave Simpson's ill-used comedy—two ladies, *Lady Allwill* (Miss Swanborough) and *Lady Glenmorris* (Miss Oliver), are the coquettes, one by nature, the second by accident. *Sir A. Glenmorris*, coming up from the country in the guise of an artist, has nearly carried the heart of the coquette. *Lady Glenmorris* arrives, husband and wife ignore each other, and the usual equivocal takes place, with the aid of a couple of subsidiary characters. The couples ultimately pair off. *Sir A.* respectively with his wife and *Lady Allwill* with one of the other characters. The ladies were exquisitely dressed in 18th century costume, the piece being effectively put on the stage, but the comedy is one of those pieces the success of which depends largely upon quiet acting, to which the gentlemen engaged certainly did not adhere—we remember one of them used to be delightfully quiet and gentlemanly at the Lyceum in Mr. Charles Mathews's time. It is but just to add, that the piece was really successful for a first night.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*Spare my Heart from Growing Old.* Song. Music by C. E. Horn. *When other Hearts Adore Thee.* Song. Music by C. E. Horn. *A Voice from the Spirit-Land.* Sacred Song. Composed by C. E. Horn. (W. J. Horn, 23, Greek Street, Soho.) The first two of the above are brought out under the patronage of Mr. Sims Reeves, one being dedicated to that distinguished vocalist, and the other sung by him. They are simple melodies, and well adapted to amateur performers. The third deserves a higher degree of praise: it is a charming melody, and breathes a purely devotional spirit.

PROTECTION OF THE TEMPLE FROM FIRE.—The benches of this ancient inn have lately had a new and powerful engine added to their fire-extinguishing apparatus, of the same size and power as the ordinary brigade engine, which, upon being tried within the quadrangle of the building, was found to be able to project water over the flag-staff of the Temple Church.

#### ON THE PARTITION OF THE CUBE AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BEE'S CELL.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir,—Many years ago you inserted in your journal a paper of mine on the subject of an approximate geometrical quadrature of the circle. That approximation I afterwards succeeded in obtaining to within the  $\frac{1}{100}$  part of the side of the square sought, and the Royal Society on the 10th May, 1855, so far relaxed the rule adopted with reference to questions of this description as to admit the paper to be read, and a short account was inserted in their Proceedings.

I am now anxious to announce that I have succeeded in dividing the cube into several geometrical solids, with which many definite and regular geometrical bodies may be constructed.

Perhaps one of the most curious is that of the bee's cell, which is in fact an elongated dodecahedron, and consequently the angles of the trihedral roof and base, respecting which so many learned investigations have been made, can be no other than those of the true geometrical solid.

Without the aid of diagrams it is not easy to make the forms of solids clear to the mind in a popular way.

A cube may be divided into 6 equal and uniform bodies in two different ways:

1st. By lines from the centre to the 8 angles of the cube, which will give 6 four-sided pyramids.

2nd. By lines from one of the upper angles of the cube, drawn diagonally to the 3 opposite angles, dividing the cube into 3 equal and uniform solids. Each of these solids being halved forms a left and a right-handed solid. These 6 solids, though equal in solidity, differ so far in shape, as 3 are left-handed and 3 right-handed, in the same way as the hands of the human body.

Each of the 6 bodies obtained by the second mode of partition may be divided into two of equal solidity and of similar shape. Two of these bodies, each being one-twelfth of the cube, may be so united as to produce the pyramid obtained by the first mode of partition. Six of these bodies, each being one-twelfth of a cube, may be so arranged as to form the oblique rhomboid.

For the present investigation we will not proceed further than the solid thus obtained, being the one-twelfth part of the cube. By this body, by using a different number and mode of arrangement, may be produced a variety of symmetrical geometrical forms, in addition to the following.

1. The cube consists of 12 of these bodies.
2. The octohedron consists of 4 "
3. The oblique rhomboid consists of 6 "
4. The dodecahedron consists of 24 "
5. The dodecahedron also consists of 4 oblique rhomboids—or 2 cubes, or 6 octohedrons.
6. The bee's cell consists of 7 oblique rhomboids or 42 half pyramids.

It is therefore evident that the bee's cell is an elongated dodecahedron.

It may be observed that the pyramid, or one-sixth of the cube obtained by the first mode of partition, may be divided into four bodies, each of which is one-third of a cube containing one-eighth of the mass of the cube from which it was derived. So that, in fact, we may go on dividing and reproducing bodies of a similar shape, and still retaining the diagonal lines of the cube. How far this subdivision may be carried in nature, or how much further than our powers of vision go, I will not at present venture an opinion. We can imagine the commencing atoms may be infinitely small, when we remember the wonders revealed by the microscope.

I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
CHARLES M. WILLICH.  
25, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.  
4th July, 1859.

From the Glasgow papers we learn that Mr. Mossman's bronze statue of Sir Robert Peel is completed, and that workmen are erecting the granite pedestal on which it is to be placed in St. George's Square. The pedestal is 12 feet high, the statue 9.

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"I am Sir, your obedient servant,

"HUBERT G. DE CARTELET, Secretary.

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